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ALEXANDRA THE CONQUERESS.

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THE masculine element of her native Macedonia and adjoining territories being thoroughly subjugated and literally on its knees, like her illustrious namesake she was beginning to sigh for new worlds to conquer. There seemed imminent danger that her weaponry would grow rusty and ineffective through lack of use—that she might forget, from scarce opportunity for practice, the peculiar droop of the eyelids which lured and ensnared; the arch of the brows which piqued and incited; the curve, and tremor, and pout of the lips which melted and subdued; the glance direct, oblique, upward, downward; the glance open, stolen, tender, reverential, shy, conscious, which had slain her victims by scores, and might have slain by hundreds, only, alas! there were no hundreds to slay; the bend, and turn, and toss of the shapely head; the dreamy, poetic movements; the thrilling, mesmeric touches of the beautiful hands; the swaying grace and artistic pose of the pliant figure; these, and all the untold wiles and arts (varying with the subject) by which she carried captive the hearts of men, were likely to become lost arts from failure of proper material to keep them in active exercise—for she really did profess to a sense of propriety in the matter, unlike some of her class, respecting always the "rights of property."

Fortunately, as she counted it, at this crisis of affairs there came, one propitious morning, by post, a very warmly worded invitation for her to spend the impending winter with some aristocratic relatives in a distant city; and, elated by the suddenly unfolding prospect of opportunities for the trial of her powers and the gratification of her darling passion, Miss Alexandra West packed up her arms and equipments, and, turning her back on the wan-

ing star of Macedonia, set out for her new field of conquest, as buoyant and sanguine as her royal predecessor starting forth with his army of thirty-five thousand to conquer all Asia.

Full well this young tactician understood that the plan of operations to be adopted in the opening campaign would have to vary somewhat from her usual line; but all the more eager was she to begin the attack, rejoicing in every opportunity to develop her untried capacities, and widen her experience in one phase of human nature. It did not appear difficult to play the role of the simple, unsophisticated country girl, fresh, and unhackneyed, and sweet, and pure, and charming as a woodland flower; nor would it be more difficult, if the character should better serve her ends, to dazzle with accomplishments, or to astonish with brief glimpses of her stores of learning—for this daughter of a college professor had been, somewhat to her disgust during the process, pretty thoroughly drilled in the "ics," and "ologies," and "isms" dear to the heart paternal, and subjected to a course of reading much more severe than the delightful romances she would have chosen; and the fruits of this mental discipline, like everything else, had been made subservient to her master passion—a sort of reserve force, heretofore, in the grand army of her besieging charms, not often called into active service, the power of sentiment, of physical and natural attractions being sufficiently compelling without the aid of erudition, which in most cases would have proved a counter charm. Precisely what those natural attractions were might have puzzled you to decide, though you would not deny them. A faultless figure, certainly; a hand and foot of perfect symmetry and in just proportion to the figure; but the face, you would have said

at first glance, was not particularly striking, naming in a breath a dozen of your amiable acquaintances with features more regular and beautiful. But when you approached, bending your ear to catch the exquisite intonations of her well-trained voice, you—if at all susceptible, as I devoutly hope you are not—would find yourself, ere you were aware, entangled in the snare of her bewildering eyes, hitherto hiding from you in the ambush of their heavily fringed lids, and in the five, ten or fifteen minutes that you might talk with her (for you would not, probably, note the exact flight of time), you would see those wonderful orbs melting through all the varying shades of liquid black, and dreamy gray, and dewy violet, and tender brown—swift flushes the while coming and going at will in her transparent face, and the line of her mobile mouth flickering between pensiveness, and mirth, and pride, and tenderness, and scorn, and sweetness, and trust, and arch wilfulness, and you know not what other expression, passing with the swiftness of light, and, believe me, at the expiration of your five, ten or fifteen minutes, there is a possibility that you would be—excuse me for saying it—as great a fool as any of your brethren who began with criticism and ended with adulation.

It is not my intention to give you the details of that winter's campaign; sufficient, for the purposes of this story, to state that it terminated successfully, as success is reckoned, and the victorious general returned, early in spring, to head-quarters, leaving, to use a sanguinary figure, her slain and wounded to the hovering care of the tender and pitying sisterhood whose mission it was to cover the ravages and repair the waste made by her desolating passage. This cessation of hostilities was understood, however, to be only temporary, the fair victress having announced in convention her intention of returning to the charge in midsummer, transferring to mountains and seashore the battle of the drawing-room, and finishing up on those ensnaring fields the conquests which it was possible she might be able only partially to effect at the long range and by the random shot of an epistolary conflict.

But a piece of intelligence, communicated upon her arrival home, was destined, in a mysterious way, to subvert all her nicely arranged plans, and change the whole face of her future, though she suspected nothing of the sort at the time, as, indeed, there appeared nothing at all significant or prophetic in the simple bit of gossip reserved for her private ear.

"I am so glad you've come, Sandy," said the Professor's younger daughter, following her sister up to her room after the family greetings were over. "We have got an Invincible among us, and all the girls are in despair."

"Ah!" responded the conqueress a little absently, flinging herself wearily into an easy-chair, and beginning to untwine her coronal of braids, which, strange to relate, were all her own.

"You needn't be so indifferent," said Cassie with a pout. "He is the divinest creature that the world ever saw. If I were a heathen, I should certainly think him a god in disguise, and, indeed, I'm not so far out of fairy land that I do not believe he is a veritable prince. O Sandy! but he is so cold; he might be a statue, only where is the human mind that could have conceived such divine proportions, and the human hand that could have carved them. Phidias nor Praxiteles never could have chiselled such a magnificent forehead, such a massive chin, such a clear-cut, resolute mouth—and such a nose—O Sandy! such a nose—firm, straight, broad at the base—a very tower of Lebanon!"

"Cassie dear, I thought you were getting past the 'gushing period,'" interrupted her sister with a smile and the shadow of a frown. "But what do you call this marvellous animal?"

"Dr. Leon Rutherford," answered Cassie a little stiffly, resolving inwardly not to "gush" any more.

"And how long has the magnificent Dr. Leon Rutherford distinguished the unworthy village of Macedonia with his statuesque presence?"

"Ever since the first week of your absence."

"Three months! and no lovely Macedonian has succeeded yet in her frantic efforts to fetch him down from his lofty pedestal?"

"No, Sandy; that is reserved for you," said Cassie, warming into enthusiasm again. "I'm so glad you're come, I say; for if there's anybody that can bring this statue to life, it's just you, Sandy darling, and I've been wishing for you so much."

"Silly goose!" ejaculated General Alexandra, standing up to bathe her face, and appearing not at all to share the pride and confidence expressed in her powers—differing always from the generality of her class in this respect, that she never seemed in any manner conscious of her fascinations, and was never heard to boast of her conquests, or even to confess them, going about with the most dangerously innocent and unassuming air, thoroughly disarming suspicion, which might otherwise have stood on

guard against her; neither was she given to gossip about "beans," that staple of conversation among many young ladies; so now, proving what excellent advice the devil can give, she said, with a look of grave reproof, "You ought not to be talking or thinking of such things, Cassie. It is weak and foolish, and your time would be a great deal better employed in storing your mind with useful knowl—"

"Yes," struck in Cassie, whom precept unenforced by example had somewhat hardened, "I think I've heard something like that before. But I want to talk to you a bit about the Doctor, and I know you want to hear, spite of your pretended indifference. The trouble is, to make his acquaintance, for you see he doesn't visit anywhere in town except professionally, steadily refuses friendly invitations to sociables and the like, and shows himself nowhere except on the street, at church, and at places where his medical services are called in requisition."

"And I suppose that is at every house where there are any young ladies," observed Sandy drily.

"Well, it has been uncommonly sickly here this winter," Cassie said, coughing to smother the laugh which twinkled in her eyes. "Some of the girls have been sadly afflicted with neuralgia, others have been threatened with fevers, and a few have gone into a rapid decline."

"I dare say. Nothing is so perilous to female health as a young and handsome Doctor in the community. Sanitary committees ought to take note of the fact, and prescribe the creatures in their regulations," said Sandy with a vicious flourish of her towel. "I hope you haven't fallen a prey to the prevailing epidemics, Cassie."

"No; for what would have been the use?" sighed Cassie with a martyred air. "Pa would have been certain to have called in Dr. Jalap and his apothecary shop. There's no use talking *Sanitas similibus curantur* to pa, you know."

"Unhappy elf! Pa would take your case in hand, and administer to you alternate doses of logic and logarithms if he were to hear this," returned her elder with a rueful shake of the head. "But why don't they send up my baggage, Cassie? Run down and see to it, please; I have some presents for you."

And so the Doctor was dismissed for the time; but on the following day, which was Sunday, Cassie introduced him again in their dressing-room *tete-a-tete*. "You must don your prettiest attire to-day, *mon cher* sister," she

said; "Dr. Rutherford is a regular attendant at St. John's, and his seat is directly in front of ours."

"A communicant?" queried Sandy languidly, in the interest of the church, most likely, since she professed none in the individual.

"No; the Doctor is as revolutionary in religion as in physic, and is reported to have said that he favors St. John's in this community only because he hears the Gospel, and not the doctrines of men preached there."

General Alexandra did not answer, but selecting from her wardrobe the plainest costume to be found there, began deliberately to attire herself therein.

"My stars! what are you doing, Alexandra West?" gasped Cassie in open-eyed astonishment.

"Dressing for church," quietly responded the general, who knew perfectly well what she was doing.

"Not in that gray serge thing!" protested Cassie in distress. "It's abominable when you have suits so handsome and becoming. You will look like a cloud of ashes blowing up the aisle, colorless and insignificant amid the brilliant display of the other ladies. For St. John's never was so gay. After the congregation is gathered, the house is like a flower-garden in the blaze of bloom, the predominating element being feminine, you understand, since Apollo, masquerading under the name of Dr. Rutherford, rented a seat there."

"The taste, not to speak of the morals, of the Macedonian ladies, evidently needs elevating," returned Miss West with a scornful lift of her expressive upper lip, as she adjusted her gray straw bonnet with its simple spray of apple-blossoms.

True enough; and yet it is very doubtful, indeed, whether any Macedonian of them all, tricked out in her most elaborate finery, went up to the house of God that day with soul less attuned to His worship than this demure, quiet-mannered lady in the Quaker garb, a book of devotions in her hand, a dream of adorners in her brain, a flutter of vanity, a thrill of exultation in her heart.

Do not let me prejudice you too much against the girl, however. She was not the worst of her type. There were good, generous, noble traits in her character—if not, her history were hardly worth writing here. To know her intimately was to love her in spite of your recognition of a vice that was inherent in her nature, and which had betrayed itself when she was but a child, in little affectations of interest, and

admiration, and tender regard, which she seemed to know instinctively how to temper to the varying dispositions and moods of her youthful subjects; and the sly glances and nods which she had not failed to see interchanged among her elders at such manifestations, had not been without their effect on the growth of a propensity which one may say had never received a serious check. Grave heads were shaken at her sometimes, and warning voices whispered—"Beware!" but under all these was a smiling softness that smothered the rebuke, a mingling of indulgence with reproof, from which she argued that her offence was far less grievous than her mentors would have led her to suppose; and she shook her bright head wilfully in return, pouted her smiling lips, and went on her way rejoicing in the consciousness of her power. Her own heart untouched, it was seldom that she felt any sympathy for, or even recognized the suffering she inflicted, and if one made it the text for a discourse against her wicked practices, she would laughingly refer to some one of her victims who had speedily passed over his slighted affections to another, and found comfort in smiles less treacherous, and point the homily with the tragic exclamation—"Behold, how men's hearts are broken!"

Yet there were times when she thoroughly hated herself for the part she acted, when she wept bitterly over her fatal passion for homage and ambition for conquest, when she resolved that she would renounce her vanities and begin a better life, trying to realize her loftiest ideal of pure, good, true and noble womanhood. Such a mood came upon her that day in the church, after the unpleasant bustle of arrival and arrangement was happily ended, and the brooding stillness that succeeded was hallowed rather than broken by the leader's low, simply worded petition, and the deep, thrilling tones of the organ breaking forth in a divine chant, in which she heard the voices of angels pleading softly, moving her heart to its profoundest depths with unutterable yearnings and aspirations for goodness. Oh! if she could but rise that moment above all the selfishness, and vanity, and worldliness that held her so strongly, and live out the free, heaven's life of which she caught now and then a faint, thrilling breath: Impossible. She could not soar into heaven. Step by step, slowly and painfully, she must make the ascent, if she made it at all, on the rounds of "St. Augustine's ladder." A triumphal passage, reader, if she could have held forever that exalted frame of mind, and pursued her upward way with undaunted courage

and resolution; but in your own experience you have, doubtless, found too often a dead heart in your bosom to suppose that our butterfly child of the world would not relapse again into the old desires and ambitions. In truth, they reasserted their sway before she even left her seat, and the vision of the better life to which her aspirations had been pointing, like the suggestive finger of the angel in Mercy's dream, vanished behind a cloud, and the shining way was darkened. She was standing still in the spot where she had risen to receive the benediction, waiting a little for the crowd to clear the aisle, her head slightly bent, her hand resting unconsciously on the back of the seat in front of her. Its one occupant, also lingering with like purpose, moving slowly towards the opening of his pew, unobservant of his neighbor as she of him, let his hand fall a moment on the railing, accidentally brushing hers. She looked up, saw the grand, strong face of the man turning towards her, remembered who he was, and instantly the passion for power came sweeping backward—rather it had not been absent, but only quiescent under the better mood—and the pensive lips parted in swift surprise, the soft eyes, dewy still with penitent tears, sent a quick, searching, questioning, startled look into his, and withdrew timidly, reverently, drooping in mute acknowledgment of a superior presence. Nothing coquettish in that glance—nothing that implied the slightest desire to attract admiration or even notice, you would have sworn; the reverse of that; yet with her swift, instinctive perception of character, she had fully calculated the effect, and could coolly wait developments. With Dr. Rutherford she had nothing more to do for the present—in his own time and way he could find out the owner of the eyes that would haunt him till he did.

Cassie, who had not minded the interchange of looks, was much cast down. "Sandy," she said solemnly, on her way home from church, "I don't believe the Doctor ever saw you. You've managed very badly indeed. I never saw you look so dull and plain, and I never knew you act so stupid. There isn't a bit of flash, nor sparkle, nor color about you; and what was there to attract Apollo's eye at all?"

"Cassie," answered her sister, with equal solemnity, "you are growing a foolish, vain, intriguing little girl, and instead of studying so much how admiration may be attracted, you had a great deal better be studying what shall make it deserved."

"Humph," says Cassie, a little scornful, a

little amused. "You preach and you practice, but whether you practice what you preach I am not compelled to say."

Now, whatever Alexandra might think about it, I would not like positively to affirm that it was the daughter's witching eyes which rendered it convenient for Dr. Rutherford to accept Professor West's oft repeated invitation to join the little circle of select friends that he delighted to draw about him once or twice a week; but certain it is that pleased acceptance instead of polite refusal of these continued solicitations, became the order, and the reunions began to be considered incomplete without the presence of the Doctor, who set a foaming, with the leaven of new ideas, the conversation that had been wont to grow somewhat heavy at times. There was nothing in his manner which indicated the slightest predilection for the society of the eldest daughter of the house, or special interest in her. True, he talked to her as frequently as to any one, and listened with marked respect and deference to the expression of her opinions, but showed no disposition to monopolize, seeming equally, if not better satisfied when she gave her undivided attention to some other youthful gentleman of the company, to the neglect and apparent forgetfulness of himself. The lady, without in the least showing it, was a good deal piqued and perplexed, the phenomenon exhibited being altogether different from any ever witnessed in her varied experience; and from acting promptly on her intuitions of character, as she usually did, she began carefully, though covertly, to study her subject, holding herself, meantime, a little aloof and in awe, her manner towards him confirming the testimony of that first look which had tacitly confessed him a Saul among his brethren. And the shyness and reserve were not wholly feigned, as you may suppose; in part they were real; for the Doctor, dealing not at all in the soft sentiment, the idle compliment, the flattery more or less gross, and the empty commonplaces to which gentlemen are mostly in the habit of treating their lady friends, it could not fail to happen that the woman who undertook to talk with him found herself led out into broader fields than she was accustomed to roaming in conversation, or even in thought; and though Alexandra, from natural liking and parental training, was much more at home, and far less frequently caught gazing vacantly into the moon than many of her sisters would be if carried a little out of the circle in which the conventional lady's ideas perpetually revolve,

she was yet conscious of a sort of mental strain which rendered her more timid and uncertain than upon the practised ground of sentiment; but the desire to keep pace with the Doctor, who very evidently did not admire stupidity in women, stimulated her to intellectual activity, and from skirmishing very lightly among the generals of history, philosophy, art, science—soliciting rather than expressing opinion—she gradually, as if from growing confidence in herself and freedom with her new acquaintance, began to exhibit a delicate analytic faculty in the discussion of these matters, more surprising to herself, perhaps, than to the Doctor, who may have recognized not only this, but nobler capacities, lying fallow because their development had not been needed in the service of her ruling propensity. All very well; she would have enjoyed the Doctor's society with the keenest zest, if only there had been in his manner the slightest indication of the sentiment she wished to inspire—a smothered sigh, a drooping of the kingly head towards her, a thrilling glance of the eye, a tender cadence in the voice—anything to attest her power; but the man was impassive as stone. Had he a heart? She was resolved to discover. A delicate and difficult undertaking she understood, for on the concealment of her purpose, of course, depended the measure of her success, and the Doctor's eyes sometimes seemed to sink to the bottom of her soul. What they discovered there, however, they never revealed, though once she had fancied herself almost unmasked. She was sitting in the early summer twilight singing little snatches of song, and fingering fitfully the strings of her guitar, when Dr. Rutherford, with the freedom now of a familiar visitor, came in, and drawing a chair near the low seat which she occupied by the open window, sat down, signifying by a gesture that he had no wish to interrupt her pastime. With brief interludes of talk, she continued singing soft, plaintive airs, with dreamy, lingering accompaniments, her head, by the slightest possible inclination, suggesting her heart's preference, her eyes cast down, venturing only now and then a shy glance at her companion, her voice faintly tremulous, the color going and coming unsteadily in her cheek. The time was propitious, the influence persuasive; but the Doctor seemed blind to the opportunity, and showed no signs of melting. She might as well sing to a block of wood, she thought, with an inward swell of wrath. At last she asked his favorite song.

Well, he had many favorites—she had given

him several of them—but there was a little German ballad which he thought of sometimes; perhaps she sang it; he had forgotten the title, but remembered a stanza or two of Longfellow's translation, and began to repeat—

"I know a maiden fair to see—
Take care!
She can both false and friendly be—
Beware—beware!
Trust her not! She is fooling thee!
"She has two eyes, so soft and brown—
Take care!
She gives a side glance and looks down—
Beware—beware!
Trust her not! She is fooling thee!"

Did Miss West recollect, and would she favor him with the air?

Miss West regretted that it was unfamiliar, but there seemed nothing in the fact to account for the burning blush that overspread her face. Perhaps the Doctor thought so, for he looked at her inquiringly.

"Indeed, I had no idea you numbered anything so sentimental among your favorites, Dr. Rutherford," she said, laughing away her confusion.

"People have odd tastes in such matters sometimes," he returned carelessly.

She glanced at him furtively. Did he, or did he not, mean the picture for her? If she knew that he did, she could, she thought, with one reproachful look, a tear or two, and a few broken words, convince him of her truth and the injustice of his suspicion, as she had convinced many before him; but she could not well defend herself when she had not been accused.

"I hope," she said, with a shy, sympathetic look—"I hope it is no unpleasant personal experience which commends the ballad to your favor."

"I hope not," he answered a little absently, as if he had forgotten the subject of conversation.

The lady bit her lips with vexation. How was she to persuade this man that she was no trifler, when it seemed so perfectly a matter of indifference to him whether she were false or true? She could not help feeling piqued, but she was only the more resolved that he should yet confess her power.

Time went on. The case grew to be of more and most absorbing interest. The general relinquished her contemplated plans for the summer, and remained quietly at home. To make a conquest of the Doctor would be a greater victory than any she could win abroad. It seemed possible at times that she might also have to

confess to a power which she had never acknowledged or recognized in another. She respected Dr. Rutherford profoundly—in part, because he was superior, in the qualities she most admired, to any man of her acquaintance, but more, perhaps, because he did not fall an easy victim to her snares. In his own stately way he showed, sometimes, a preference for her society, she thought, but not sufficient to render her indifferent, as such manifestations usually did. There was occasionally even a glow of warmth in his manner, and as the summer passed, her practised eye detected signs by which she knew, or fancied that she knew, her triumph near at hand. Not unfrequently she looked up and found him regarding her with a half-troubled, half-loving gaze; he began speaking, and stopped abruptly; he uttered her name lingeringly and often, and there was a repressed tenderness in voice and air which much experience had given her the key to interpret.

What she looked for, or what she did not look for, came about in this wise. The young people, one glorious October day, planned an excursion to a beautiful grove at some distance from the village. Miss West and the Doctor, by that curious attraction which you find always actively working in such gatherings, had fallen in company, and become, like many other straying couples, partially detached from the main party, which showed a general inclination to break up in pairs, but was knit together by here and there an unfortunate odd.

The lady, complaining of weariness, had seated herself on a shelving rock, and was busy assorting the many-colored leaves scattered all about within grasp of her hand; the Doctor stood near, regarding her very attentively, lending now and then some assistance in her idle work.

They were talking regretfully of the swift passage of the golden days—lamenting sadly the fading glory of the year, wishing they might roll back and chain the chariot wheels of Time for a little. Alexandra had never spent so happy a summer. She said, with a soft shadow dropping over her face, that she never hoped to know another so happy.

The Doctor sighed, resting his arm upon the upper strata of rock, and looking down on the sweetly serious face below him. He had been happy, too, he said. He did not know whether he could ever be so happy again. He had yet to learn.

His listener bent her head, conscious of what was coming—or what should come. By the

same lingering by-ways many had passed to love's confessional. She studied her answer. Of course, she and the Doctor must always be friends. Whatever she had fancied in their earlier acquaintance, she was confident now that they could never be more than friends. Her interest, you see, had decreased in the exact ratio that his had increased. Besides, she felt that she could never accept a man she had used any art, or made any effort to win.

Her silence grew a little embarrassing. Her eyes drooped, her cheek glowed, her hands trembled at their work under the steadfast gaze fastened upon her. She felt an almost irresistible impulse to spring up and dart away, but dreaded to break the spell.

"I beg you will excuse me?" said the Doctor at last, in a very matter-of-fact voice.

She started, dropping the handful of leaves she had been arranging, almost believing for the instant that he read her thoughts. Then she smiled at the fancy, looking up at him archly as she asked—"From what, Dr. Rutherford? Are you tired of holding my specimen leaves?"

"Not at all. But I am not prepared to offer you my heart and hand to-day," responded the Doctor dryly, without averting his steady, penetrating eyes from her face.

The color ran up to her temple; there was a smothered gleam of anger in her quickly veiled eyes; but she was wonderfully composed, taking into consideration the complex feeling of surprise, indignation and mortification that overwhelmed her.

"Dr. Rutherford's want of preparation relieves me from the performance of a very disagreeable duty," she said pointedly, turning her attention again to her suspended occupation.

"And now that I have given you the satisfaction of rejecting me," said the Doctor, with a quiet smile, "I suppose I may speak a few plain words to you. Discomfited suitors are always permitted that privilege, I believe. I have found you both a pleasant and a sad study these past six months. You are a very charming woman, Alexandra West. God meant you to be a very noble one, but you are sadly thwarting His plan. It is pitiful to see the prostitution of gifts so rare and generous as yours. One cannot help thinking if they are so powerful in their influence for evil, what grand results would be brought if they were directed to higher and purer ends. I wonder if you do not sometimes suffer a pang of remorse, and feel the thrill of better resolves in thinking of this. I wonder if you do not often

sicken of the false, vain life that you are living, and long in your soul to live a truer. I wonder if on such days as this, when the spirit of God seems walking the earth unveiled, you do not feel humble and abashed in the holy Presence, and ashamed to practise the deceitful arts whose end is nothing better than the degradation of your own nature, and the destruction of the faith of good men in your sex. I wonder if, before examples of womanly goodness, and devotion, and purity and faithfulness in the relations of life, you do not stand rebuked for your petty aims and your miserable works, and with tears of penitence and shame, cry aloud to God for forgiveness of your abuse of the talents he has committed to you, and for strength to resist the temptations of your passion for power, and to follow the better promptings of your heart."

She was ready to weep such tears that moment—ready to cry forgiveness not only of God, but of the man at her side; inwardly humbled, and crushed, and contrite was she; yet for a kingdom she would not have betrayed her shame and hurt to the eyes so keenly watching her; and they saw nothing more than an instant quiver concealed in a closer compressure of the month, and the nervous action of the hands still busy with the arrangement of the gorgeous foliage scattered over her lap. Useless she felt it would be to plead her innocence as she would have done with another man, denying with indignation the justice of the charge so coolly brought against her, convincing with a tear, if that were necessary, how cruelly she was wronged—useless this effort even if she had heart to attempt—and she only said with affected carelessness, holding off at a little distance the brilliant bouquet she had arranged, and eying it critically—"Do you wish me to make you my confessor, Dr. Rutherford?"

"No," he answered. "I have no desire to sustain that interested relation to you. My ambition will be gratified if I may lead you even for a moment to consider the despicable nature of your present aims in life, and sting you to the resolve to make worthier use of your really noble faculties. Were you only a shallow, vain, flippant coquette, brainless and heartless like the most of your class, wearing the badge of your profession so conspicuously that the man caught in your snares would but proclaim himself a fool, I would not think it worth the trouble to offend you, for I should know there was nothing under the hollow mask to feel the prick of rebuke, or respond to the appeal of honor; but you have a soul so far

above the things you practise, that to rouse it I would willingly dare your anger, make you even my life-long enemy if you chose to bear malice against me. If you were wholly false, selfish, empty, your power over most men would be weaker than the green withes laid on Samson; it is your sincerity, your earnestness, your genuine feeling that gives you influence; it is these qualities laid under the rule of your fatal passion for admiration and for love, that you cannot reciprocate, which makes your influence baneful to men, who, unable to discriminate between what is real and what is affected in you, are fain to believe you altogether true, until the time comes for them to be undeceived, when they are likely to rebound to the other extreme, and think you altogether false. It does not matter to you, I suppose, what they may think of you after they have confessed your power; but I wonder and I wonder again, Alexandra West, what you think of yourself—whether, in sober, solitary moments, contrasting the woman you are with the woman you ought to be, you do not feel a thorough self-contempt."

A rustling of feet among the leaves betokened an interruption not altogether unwelcome to Alexandra, who, turning her head, saw one of her old lovers sauntering slowly past, and with a nod and a smile she held out her handful of gleanings for his admiration. He came up with quickening step and brightening face flattered by this sudden mark of attention, very unusual in these days; and, looking straight in the bewildering eyes, forgot that he had ever thought her a coquette; disbelieved what he had been told, that she trifled with him as a cat with her prey, and was ready, if opportunity offered, to renew his suit, and swear eternal allegiance to her interests, which involved the duty of knocking down any one who should dare insinuate that she was not perfectly artless, and innocent, and sincere.

For herself, she only thought that the Doctor's eye was upon her, and resolved that he should see her utter disregard of his opinions, and her contempt for the words which had cut her to the quick; she smiled most ravishingly on the new comer, talked to him in her sweetest, softest tones, seemed oblivious to everything about her, with eyes, ears, voice for him only, while her heart was fit to break with the repressed tempest of feeling raging within, of which, for worlds, she would not have given a sign at that moment.

Dr. Rutherford, for whose discomfiture all this was intended, stood without change of

attitude or expression, quietly observant, philosophically interested. But if she thought to pique him, a glance at his calm, phlegmatic face would have convinced her of the uselessness of her trouble. After a time, apparently satisfied with his observations, he turned on his heel and walked slowly away, looking not at all chagrined by the favor shown his rival, looking, on the whole, perhaps, rather pleased, as if relieved of society not particularly entertaining in itself, but endured for the chance of any scientific data which it might furnish.

The baffled generalless heard his retreating step, saw his receding shadow, and her forced composure gave suddenly quite away. Forgetful that she had any observer now that the Doctor was gone, she dropped her face in her hands and broke into a passion of tears, sobs shaking her frame from head to foot, breathless exclamations of grief bursting unintelligibly from her lips. The good, simple-minded man by her side looked at her amazed, unable to comprehend the meaning of this sudden, violent change. What had come over her? What had he said? What had he done? How had he offended? He begged she would tell him; he entreated her to forgive him; he pleaded his innocence of wrong intention; he reiterated the story of his love; he avowed his readiness to die that moment to save her a pang of pain. She did not hear him. At last, in his distress and desire to console, he put his arm about her, essayed to lift her head. She sprang up with an angry gesture, threw his arm aside, ordered him to leave, told him that she never wanted to see his face again, that she hated him, and hated the whole race of men; then, with a dawning sense of the ridiculous part she was acting, she laughed constrainedly, prayed he would excuse her; said she was ill, nervous, hysterical; then declared that she was perfectly well, and in an instant fell to weeping again; begged that he would go away, then that he would bring a carriage and take her home, and when he started to fulfil her bidding, she called him back, signified her desire to remain, laughed, dried her eyes, wiped her flushed face with his freshly cologned and proffered handkerchief, and, taking his arm, went back to the re-gathering company, brilliant, sparkling, vivacious; while he, poor fellow, utterly dazed, bewildered, confounded, was speechless and troubled, perplexing his brain for reasons to account for her strange agitation, with which he would never have a doubt that he was in some manner connected.

When Alexandra met the Doctor after that,

she did not see him, though you would think his generous proportions somewhat difficult to overlook. It was curious, though, that whenever she had an opportunity to do so unobserved, she watched him in a breathless, eager way, waiting sometimes whole hours behind the blinds for the chance of seeing him pass on his professional rounds, her eyes expanding, glowing, melting, when he came in view, her heart throbbing tumultuously under the quivering hands pressed closely against it. She had found her master, and, might he never have known it, she could have bowed her forehead to the dust his feet had trod. He was a prince, a king, a god, whom she would henceforth worship; but she would have died rather than he should know that he held the smallest place in her thoughts. For, she told herself, it was very evident that he despised her; he had taken no pains to conceal the fact. Perhaps she liked him all the better for that. She had been so accustomed to and sated with adulation, that a little rough contempt would have been relished in any case. Coming from the source it did, it seemed to carry her heart by storm. But it grew to be a sort of torture, after a time, to think of him and watch for him so incessantly in secret, and to carry herself so proudly and unconcernedly in his presence, and she resolved that she would go away where there was no possibility of seeing his face or hearing his name, and, speedily as she could, forget him. To resolve, with her, was to execute if it lay in her power, and shunning the temptation to return to her last winter's field and plan of operations, she procured a situation as teacher in a distant seminary, and applied herself assiduously, after her fashion, to the work in hand. So far from forgetting the Doctor, however, she thought of him more and more, and at the expiration of a year her longing to catch a glimpse of him, herself unseen, had become well-nigh intolerable. Still, in all probability, she would have resisted it had not the clamor of friends, indignant at her long absence, favored her desire, and paved the most natural and inevitable way to its gratification. At home again, she had not only the opportunity to watch for him behind the window-screen, but she met him face to face, still with unbending pride, maintaining the haughty front she had assumed before her departure—checking him in the slightest advance towards friendliness which he might have felt disposed to make. A harrowing sort of satisfaction, after all, and she maddened over it again, and went back to her school—her labor of forgetfulness.

So three or four years passed with no change but alternate work and vacation—the former wearisome often, the latter unsatisfactory always. People remarked that Alexandra was strangely altered; they never supposed she would develop into just such a woman; they had no thought so brilliant a butterfly could ever grow to be such a grave, steady, working bee. Certainly she was changed—though her nature, except in the transposition of its qualities, remained the same. In the commonwealth of her faculties, I think even those which had formerly led her astray still had a voice, but, by repression and culture, she strove to make the balance good, and to keep the lower in subjection to the higher.

It was during one of her later summer vacations that a malignant and infectious fever broke out in Macedonia, carrying panic in its train, and gaining so rapidly that it even overtook the timid in their flight, forcing to their lips the cup of suffering they had sought to escape. Naturally brave as well as benevolent—though some of her rejected suitors might object to the latter qualification—perhaps, too, with the despair of youth baffled in its hopes, feeling that it would not matter much if she fell a sacrifice in the work, Alexandra went fearlessly into the haunts of disease, and devoted herself faithfully to the sick—shunning instinctively at first, for no reasons she could have assigned, the patients under Dr. Rutherford's charge, but compelled at length, by the extension of his practice, to report to him daily, or desert her post as nurse. Consulting only her own feelings, she would have done that, but she knew that she must be influenced by higher considerations than personal preferences or antipathies, and she held her place unmoved. Constrained to meet the Doctor, to talk with him, to act under his directions, to share his interests, hopes and fears, and to be, in a certain sense, responsible for his success, the reserve she had so long maintained towards him necessarily melted in a degree, and by-gones were forgotten between them in the mutual concern of the present. There was a pleasure unspeakably sweet in the opportunity to rely on him, in the necessity to yield an implicit obedience to his commands, his wishes—a pleasure the sweeter that it was not sought, but rather forced on her. But, with the return to everyday occurrences and duties, the old feeling of constraint and morbid pride came back; she remembered that the Doctor despised her, and alarmed lest she should have betrayed some eagerness for his favor, she retreated again

within her impenetrable armor of reserve, and rigidly repulsed every approach to friendly familiarity.

Faint and weary at heart, sick, she stole out one day for a solitary stroll through the Professor's quiet grounds, longing to consider undisturbed a suggestion which had nearly ripened into a plan in the last few weeks. She wished to decide on some permanent occupation for the future—something useful and at the same time adapted to her powers. Her experience that summer had developed an unsuspected talent, and turned her thoughts in a new direction. She was said to have shown unusual tact and skill in the care of the sick, and she had certainly felt a singular liking for the employment. How far circumstances had contributed to this liking she did not reflect, and we must not judge. Perhaps she had found her work. What was to hinder her from becoming a hospital nurse? She knew what a hue and cry her friends would raise if the thing were proposed in earnest. She had playfully suggested it once. Cassie had wished indignantly that she would get comfortably married and discard such notions—others had plead her youth, her beauty, her talents—*faugh!* What were they all? She wished she were old, and ugly, and simple—no one would oppose her then. But she should never marry. She told Cassie so. That shrewd damsel guessed it might not be safe for a certain person to ask her.

The day was divinely beautiful—dreamy, tender, spiritual—a counterpart of that October day in the woods which she remembered always with flaming cheeks, and a sudden stoppage of breath. She could hear the Doctor's clear, cool, cutting tones just as plainly as she had heard them then, and they had not lost their keen edge, but hurt her cruelly still. Four years! How much she had suffered in that time. Surely she had atoned for every pang of pain she had ever inflicted. Surely, she thought, her tears dropping slowly into the golden-hearted pansies she was gathering, surely she had learned the salt, bitter taste of retribution.

A step sounded on the graveled walk behind her. She dried her eyes, thinking of Cassie, hoping she would pass on and leave her alone. But the feet, whoever they were, paused by her side, and she felt compelled to look up.

"Dr. Rutherford," she said coldly, rising to her feet.

"Alexandra," he said gently, facing her with a steady, tender look, "I have come to

tell you that I love you truly, and to ask you to be my wife."

She had been listening to the cold, sarcastic voice that had humbled her years ago, and her disordered fancy detected a covert sneer in the words if there were none in the tones. He had come to mock and wound her afresh. The red sprang into her cheeks, the fire flashed into her eyes. She pointed significantly up the garden walk.

"Go!" she said.

He stood still a moment studying her face; his own, grave, patient, tender; then bowing, he turned and walked slowly away.

She looked after him with despairing eyes. He was going. True. What of that? Had she not sent him? He would never seek her again. She should see him no more. She threw her hand to her head. She had never fainted in her life, and she thought she was dying. Everything swam before her sight, the Heaven rolled up like a scroll, the earth slid from under her feet; she caught at the grape trellis for support, but it failed, and she felt herself sinking, sinking, and all was dark, and chill, and void.

Like the hero of a story, the Doctor looked back.

Like the heroine of a story, Alexandra revived and found herself supported in the Doctor's arms.

Curtain falls on the tableau.

SEQUEL.

The Doctor has found a wife, and the hospital has lost a prospective nurse.

NUTMEGS.

NUTMEGS are the fruit of a beautiful tree which grows in the Molucca Islands, and in other parts of the east. All the parts of the tree are aromatic, but only those portions of the fruit called mace and nutmeg are marketable. The entire fruit is of an oval form about the size of a peach. The nutmeg is the innermost kernel. It is surrounded by a skin, which, peeled off, constitutes the mace of commerce. The tree yields annually three crops. The first crop, which is gathered in April, is the best. The other crops are gathered in August and December. Good nutmegs should be dense, and heavy, and free from worm-holes.

EVERY good act is a flower which will beautify our final home.

WINNING THE KIDS.

BY ELLA LATROBE.

CHAPTER I.

"IF a man *could* only save anything!" said one of two young men who were sitting together—"if a man could only save anything!" It was spoken half to himself and half to his friend, who allowed him to say it twice before he answered, smiling:

"And why *cannot* a man save anything?"

"Because a young man's personal expenses are now as much as once sufficed to maintain a family. Still, if I had a few hundred dollars 'salted down,' as you have, I should feel that I had made a beginning. But I have not the first dollar ahead of my debts." And he knocked the ashes off his cigar with the end of the little finger, on which was displayed a huge ring, and fell to musing in silence.

"I say, Will," said his companion, after a few moments more of quiet, "can you count a hundred?"

"What!" said William Cole, now fairly aroused. "What!"

"You need not look so amazed at my question. The Sheriff of London has to count ten before he can be installed. The custom began ages ago, when the fact that people could count was not so readily admitted as it is now. Still, everybody cannot count a hundred even at the present day—in a case like yours, for instance. Where do you begin? Do you say one hundred, ninety-nine, ninety-eight, and so on, till you come down to the unit, or do you commence at the figure one?"

"To begin there would certainly be the easiest," said William, laughing.

"That is where you must begin to economize, then, and the twenties and thirties, and so on, will soon come up to the nineties and the hundreds."

"A slow process—a very slow process, James. I have thought of doing it a hundred times, but something always runs away with the quarters, and the dollars follow. Now if I had even one poor hundred dollars at interest, I should feel as if I were making progress."

"Put a hundred dollars at interest, then."

"Put a hundred dollars at interest! Did you ever hear Mrs. Glass's receipt for cooking: 'First catch your hare'? I have not done that yet."

"And you never will while you sit still and

wait for the hare to come to you. Follow my advice, and I will put you in a way."

"Proceed, most expert financier, and I will listen with all attention."

"Well, then, listen. Do you know how banks make their money?"

"Don't catechize me on finance. Never having made money myself, how should I understand the processes of experts in that business?"

"You have used the right word. Bankers are expert. Their profits are made on borrowed capital, for which they pay no interest, but on which they draw ten or twelve per cent. They loan the capital of their depositors."

"All very fine! But who is to lend *me* money without interest? Will *you*?"

"No. I can't afford to do so. But there is old Maccaboy will do it. You have been a prime customer of his for cigars and tobacco ever since I knew you. He will set you up in the business of saving money."

William laughed aloud. "He lend money without interest! I should like to hear of it. His sympathies, if he has any, are packed down tighter than a box of plain cavendish, and could not be stirred even with a hatchet and chisel. The milk of human kindness is all smoked dry in him. He do anything for *me*, or anybody else, except to push Connecticut tobacco on a fellow for prime Havana, and make him pay to the tobacconist the duties the Havana pays to the Government!"

"It is not what he *will* do, but what he will *not*, that is to help you. You must have some money on interest, you say, to start with, and it might as well be his as anybody's else. You must, like the banks, do business on fictitious capital. And, unlike some banks, you will find it always safe. Your cigars cost, per annum —?"

"I never reckoned it."

"That's the trouble. You never *reckoned*, and that is the reason that you have no money laid by to reckon on. Well, we will say—twenty-five dollars?"

William said nothing. His mind misgave him that the cost was much more than that. He did not like to confess to more, and he could not, in honesty, say less. So he was silent.

His friend continued: "Twenty-four dollars, reckoning at six per cent, which is a safe rate,

represents four hundred. Put that sum out at interest."

"Put four hundred dollars at interest! Where, I ask again, am I to get such a sum?"

"You are very dull, not to follow me. Perhaps it is because your cigar is done. No, don't light another, but see, just for once, if you cannot concentrate your ideas without smoke. You must have, like the banks, fictitious capital, yielding real returns, and get your profits out of old Maccaboy for one. Perhaps you may find some other of your useless friends, as the case now stands, just as useful in your new role of banker. Now *play* pretend, as we used to say when we were boys, that you have four hundred dollars out at interest. Draw that interest regularly, once a quarter, and let it go on interest again. Do you take?"

"Not quite. I don't see who is to pay me that six dollars a quarter. I am afraid the interest would be fictitious, like the principal. It is a Barmecide feast you are treating me to, like the story in the *Arabian Nights*—yet not quite like that, for you see it does not intoxicate me in the least."

"The interest will be paid you, if you go into the operation, by one William Cole, whom you know, or ought to know, better than I do. He will even anticipate it if he likes the arrangement, and enters into it heartily. In plain English, it appears, by your own admission, that you spend yearly the interest of a small capital of four hundred dollars in cigars. I am afraid—but I will not be hard on you—that the sum you convert into smoke is more than four times that. Moderate your indulgence, if you regard it as an indulgence. *Pretend*, as I said just now, that you have four hundred dollars to begin your operations with. Deposit the quarterly interest in a savings fund, and follow the process regularly. You will soon find that you have other fictitious capital, in the expenses of foolish habits, lying round loose, and can invest that in the same manner."

The two friends separated. William Cole, like many others in a similar case, was much more inclined to be angry at the advice than to follow it. Still, the case was so ingeniously "ciphered out," that the reasoning of his friend would keep coming back to him. But the idea of such ridiculously small savings was humiliating. How could he go to a "Dime Savings Fund" and propose to put six dollars on interest? The clerks would laugh at him; or if they did not laugh outright, would certainly think that he, with his two-hundred-dollar watch and other like et ceteras, had fallen upon

a day of ridiculously small things. And yet he would like to begin somewhere to save his money and make his salary available for something beyond his current expenses.

In the evening he met a party of his friends, ladies as well as gentlemen, to whom he related James Ledger's plan of drawing interest on nothing. He tried hard to make it seem ridiculous, and succeeded well with the most of his auditory, for the young people of the period, especially some of the girls, are intensely amused at any idea of economy, or pretend to be. For Ben Franklin remarks that if a man has but three shillings he professes to be very liberal of his sixpences; or if Franklin does not give the idea in those very words, he does give the idea; and I think it is better expressed in *my* manner! There's modesty for you. But to return to William Cole. He submitted that the author of such a scheme of finance ought to be employed to pay off the British National debt. He would have said the debt of the United States, but when this conversation was held we had no debt to speak of.

"Now, I don't think it is so bad," said a lively young man in the company. "I rather like it. I knew a chap once who owed his hatter too much to ask for more credit, and was at a loss for the ready money to pay cash. I do not mean that he could not raise or borrow money enough to pay for a castor, but he did not like to go to his own hatter with such a proposal, and he was ashamed to buy a new hat anywhere else while his old account was unsettled. So he made a bet that he would wear his old summer hat all winter."

"I don't see the application," said William.

"Don't you? Why, it's plain enough. Neither you nor I wish to be depositing dollar savings, though I do not see why we should not. But I know the fellows in the Safety Trust. I'll go into the thing with you."

"I'll bet the gloves," said a certain young lady to whom William Cole was more than attentive, "that you two gentlemen cannot relinquish your cigars and deposit their value in the Safety Trust."

"Done!" said William—"so far as I am concerned."

"And done for me," said the other.

"But," stammered William, whose momentary fit of inspiration was evaporating, "I suppose I may finish the box I have on hand?"

"Not another cigar!" said the lady peremptorily; and, like many young ladies, she looked most like a picture when she was most positive.

"But what then is to be done with that ullage-box?" inquired a gentleman in the company: "Because thou art virtuous, William Cole, shall there be no more cakes and ale? I shall not stop smoking at present. Give your old stock to me."

"No, give them to me," cried another.

"Two bidders!" said the young lady before referred to. "Give them to nobody. That is not the way to begin to save. Put them up at auction, and let the proceeds be your first deposit."

"And mine too!" suggested the young man whose story of the bet had put things in train. So an auctioneer's clerk, who made one of the party, put up the two lots, and they were duly knocked down to the laughing purchasers. Rare fun they had. Two ladies of the company were vehemently accused by the gentlemen of making false bids to run the goods up, in the interest of the owners. And there were all sorts of jokes which cannot be preserved in the telling, though, as the old saying runs—"they made a great laugh at the time." William next put up his cigar-case and silver match-box, his Lynchburg, and his assortment of meerschaums. As the goods were not at hand then and there, they were sold "to arrive." Never was there a merrier auction sale for all hands—nor a wiser one for the sellers.

CHAPTER II.

A pleasant evening brings pleasant dreams, and pleasant and refreshing memories on the next day. If all young people could act on what they know—that the glare of a theatre, the dizziness of a ball-room, the crowd of a large party, or the revels of a supper frolic do not tend to the good results above stated, there would be fewer languid mornings and dull headaches. The ladies are presumed to have less exceptionable means of restoring their jaded spirits than the gentlemen have. The latter, even the best of them, do make a sad mistake of it sometimes, when they seek, in questionable stimulants, to restore the tone which they would never lose, if they were wise.

But no such bad consequences followed upon the pleasant evening of which we have given above a partial record. It was a chance gathering; and innocent mirth and good feeling usually happen in among chance guests. Dr. Johnson's hero is not the only man, prince or private, who has discovered that pleasure does not come for the formal and stately invitation. As all our friends went to rest that evening

cheerful, they awoke the next morning in the same pleasant humor. The gentlemen were fully determined to carry out their amusing mercantile transactions. The merchandise sold was duly delivered; and though there was some bantering about "time," the whole was concluded on a cash basis. A merry party went with William Cole and his friend to make their first deposit, as the stage-drivers in *Pickwick* saw Weller, senior, safely through his momentous transactions. We need not say that in this case there was none of the Jehu's "invariable" tasted. Is it not rather a pity that so many of the great novelist's amusing characters are so thoroughly steeped in alcohol?

The staid officers of the Safety Trust thought that they had a merry party to deal with; and the thing seemed so good a joke, that several more of the young men made small deposits, and opened "books" with commendable gravity of appearance; though really as fictitious as William Cole's capital. We have no need, however, to follow the fortunes of any of them particularly, except those of William Cole.

It was so good a joke that he could not forbear relating it to his employer. And there seemed some need of his accounting for his absence, and for the peeping in of one and another of his friends, during the morning. However, it was not the busy season, so the interruption was of the less consequence.

The old gentleman with whom William was a clerk, took the matter, after the first smile, quite seriously. "I see you have here a credit of twenty-five dollars, realized on the effects of a defunct smoker, as you phrase it. Twenty-five dollars is equivalent to two hundred and fifty loaves of bread, large size, enough for a pretty good family for nearly a couple of months. Think a little, William, if this smoking is not ruinous folly for young men, to say nothing of the thirst it may provoke, and the company it may lead you into. Twenty-five dollars is five dollars more than I brought to the city with me when I first came here. If I had wasted money at the rate that many of our young men do, I should certainly not be where I am now, if, indeed, I had ever again possessed the same sum, actually clear of all demands. The first duty for every young man is to live religiously within his income."

William went about his business, if the truth must be told, inclined to think that if he had anticipated such a serious lecture, he would not have told the old gentleman the "joke." Yet, after all, there was the tangible fact before him, that he actually had twenty-five dollars

at interest, on a wager of a pair of gloves. And he felt some satisfaction in knowing that his fair antagonist would much rather lose than win.

During the day he related the performance to James Ledger, and was congratulated by that young man, that he had not only taken his fictitious capital out of old Maccaboy, but actually entered into competition with him in business, selling cigars to some of his best customers. It need not be concealed, however, that William's struggle to break the chain of the narcotic habit was anything but an easy one. He was tempted to get the excitement of the weed in another mode, but his conscience would not suffer it. He thought once—it was but once—of substituting potations for fumigations; but his common sense told him that would be going from bad to worse. He conquered his habit of using tobacco, as any man may, and as every man ought to be ashamed to say he cannot.

Nor was the evening's lesson lost on all the rest of the party. A great deal is done towards reform when you can bring a man to confess, however faintly, that it is desirable. Several of the jocular deposits became serious things, and were continued.

Once in the right way, the path grows easy. The eyes once opened, and you see more than you had dreamed of. Various retrenchments occurred to William Cole, which made him seem manly rather than mean. Some new expenses he incurred, but they were far less than his retrenchments. And as they tended to economy, and were wise disbursements, the Safety Trust Deposit book very soon represented much more than the hundred or two dollars that our friend once wished he only had "to start with." James Ledger was his constant friend and adviser, and it was not long before better investments than depositing money at five per cent—the Savings Fund rate—were discovered. They were legitimate operations, not speculations.

Among the new expenses was subscription to one of the many excellent public libraries with which Philadelphia is provided. The books taken out served a purpose which the founders never contemplated, though no one could object to it. The young lady who had wagered the gloves happened to ask William some question in relation to a new book. He took it in his pocket the next time he called upon her, and she was far from making any objection to hearing the best passages read aloud. At last this way of passing an evening became quite a

custom with them, and in another winter a reading club grew out of it. William would have protested against this, if it had not been that six more evenings were still left in the week, and the evening spent with the lady at the club did not count as a visit. That was his logic, and he had grown quite presuming and oracular since he had money at interest.

Another winter, and William claimed his gloves. They were white kid, by the way. His friend, who suggested the wager, claimed *his* gloves, too. And they both wore them on the same occasion—William as principal, the other as satellite. What that occasion was may be guessed, when we state that, at the first pause in the proceedings, the jocular young man got William's ear, and said, pretending to whisper, though everybody heard him—"I say, Cole, she hasn't betted fair. She hedges! She let you win the white kids, but she has won a ring from you worth three times as much!"

SAILING IN.

BY BEULAH.

THE soft kisses of the sunset,
Flush with gold the snowy hair
Of an old man in the doorway,
As he murmurs in his prayer:
"Dear Lord! in the days of childhood,
Days so free from care and sin,
Thou didst launch my lifeboat outward—
Now, dear Pilot, guide me in.

"Sailing out, the billows round me
Half submerged my little bark,
Ere I learned to guide my vessel
O'er the breakers, through the dark—
Loudly shrieked the stormy petrel
Its weird answer to my moan,
As I rocked upon the billows
In my cradle-bark alone.

"Sailing out, *Thy* hand didst guide me,
Oft unknown and all unseen,
And life's voyage to my vision
Seemeth now but as a dream.
And ah! now I near the harbor,
Soon the haven I shall win,
I have crossed the ocean safely,
I am sailing, sailing in."

Then the golden bars of sunset
Rolled away a billowy scroll—
And, behold, an angel convoy,
Waited for the old man's soul.
And, methought, they moored his vessel
Safely to the other side,
While his earth friends bowed around him,
Mourning that alone he died.

THE MAIDEN'S ROCK.

BY C.

A FEW miles below the Falls of St. Anthony, by an enlargement of the Mississippi River, Lake Pepin is formed, which is about twenty-one miles in length, and two and a half in breadth. It is encircled by majestic bluffs, with the agreeable exception of an occasional opening of fine meadow land. The surface of the lake presents a smooth expanse of water, without a single island, extending itself nearly as far as the eye can reach. About half way up the lake, its eastern bank rises to a height of near four hundred and fifty feet, of which one hundred and fifty at the top part are formed by a perpendicular bluff, and the lower three hundred constitute a very abrupt and precipitous slope, which extends from the base of the bluff to the edge of the water. The wildness of the scenery, and its contrast with the shores of the river below, render it one of the most interesting spots on this vast flood of water.

The associations connected with this spot invest it with a superior interest, while they also throw a gloom over the bright features of the scene. It is remembered as the theatre of one of the most melancholy incidents that often occur in the history of the Indians.

In the tribe of Wapasha there was a reciprocal attachment between a young hunter and the daughter of an Indian brave. The girl's name was Winona, which signifies the first-born. They often met, and had agreed to a union, in which all their hopes centred; but on applying to her family, the hunter was surprised to find himself denied, and his claims superseded by those of a warrior of distinction.

The warrior was a general favorite with the nation; he had acquired a name by the services he had rendered to his village when attacked by the Chippewas; and though he was favored by her parents, and by her brothers, Winona persisted in preferring the hunter. All her expostulations in favor of the man of her choice were of no avail, and her parents having driven away her lover, began to use harsh measures in order to compel her to marry the man of her choice. To all her entreaties, that she should not be forced into a union so repugnant to her feelings, but to allow her to live a single life, they paid no attention. Winona had always enjoyed a greater share in the affections of her

family, and had been indulged more than was usual among Indians. Being a favorite with her brothers, they wished her consent might be obtained to the union, and to use persuasive means, rather than that she should be compelled to marry against her inclination.

About this time a party was formed to ascend from the village to Lake Pepin, and Winona and her friends were of the company. They had but just arrived when her parents began to use threats to compel her into obedience. Winona told them they would drive her to despair, and soon they would have no daughter to torment. But her parents determined that she should marry the warrior that very day.

While they were busily engaged in preparations for the festival, she took her way to the top of the hill. When she reached the summit, she called in a loud voice to her friends below, and told them of their cruelty to her and to her lover; that, not satisfied with opposing her union with the hunter, they had driven him away, and tried to make him believe she was faithless to him; that they would not let her remain single, but were about to force her to marry one she did not love; and that now they might see how well she could defeat their designs.

She then commenced singing her dirge. Her friends immediately rushed towards the top of the hill to stop her. They entreated her to desist from her fatal purpose, and her father promised that no compulsory measures should be used. She was resolved; and, as she concluded the words of her song, she threw herself from the precipice, and fell, lifeless, near her distressed friends.

So this spot acquired a melancholy celebrity, and is still called the Maiden's Rock. And though this tragedy was enacted years ago, the Indians still resort to the place and talk of this unfortunate girl who fell a victim to the cruelty of her parents.

The Indians regretted this occurrence very much, as both the hunter and the girl were favorites in the tribe, and the warrior was one of note. Her untimely end was considered a public calamity, and left an indelible impression on its witnesses.

DELAFIELD, Wis.

AN ACTING CHARADE. COUNTERPLOT.

BY S. ANNIE FROST.

Characters:

MR. THEODORE SANBORN, a collector of coins, minerals, insects and other rare articles.

MISS SOPHRONIA SANBORN, his sister, an old maid.

SADIE SANBORN, his daughter, a young lady.

MARCUS MELBOURNE, Mr. Sanborn's nephew, a young lawyer.

VICTOR VAULKLAND, a young clerk.

TOM, a negro boy of ten years.

SCENE I.—COUNTER.

SCENE—*A parlor, handsomely furnished. Curtain rises, discovering Sadie in a morning-dress seated beside a small table, upon which is a work-box and sewing. She holds an open spelling book in her hand. In front of her, his hands behind him, stands Tom.*

SADIE.—The next word, Tom, is counter. Spell that.

TOM.—Yes, Missee Sadie, I spell dat ar fust rate um—k-o-u-n-t-u-r.

SADIE.—Oh! no, Tom, that is not right.

TOM.—Don't dat ar spell counter. What does um spell?

SADIE.—That will not spell anything, Tom. Come, try again; counter—c—

TOM.—See what?

SADIE.—C is the first letter, Tom.

TOM.—Is C de fustus letter o' dat ar? C—*(scratches his head).* Guess I'll have to look ober de book agin.

SADIE.—But, Tom, this is the third time you have taken the book. You must not come to me again till you are certain you can spell your lesson. *(Gives Tom the book.)*

TOM.—I'll larn him dis time for sure. Know him de next time sure nuff, or bust. *(Sits down and rocks to and fro, studying.)*

SADIE *(taking up her sewing)*.—I wonder what detains Aunt Sophronia?

(Enter Miss Sophronia.)

MISS SOPHRONIA.—I am nearly tired to death.

SADIE.—Did you accomplish all your shopping, auntie?

MISS SOPHRONIA.—Nearly all. I have a piece of news for you.

SADIE.—News for me?

MISS SOPHRONIA.—Yes; I have seen your devoted admirer, Mr. Vaulkland.

SADIE.—Yes?

MISS SOPHRONIA.—And where do you sup-

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pose he was? Behind the counter in Elmwood's store, selling calico by the yard.

SADIE.—Well, dear aunt, I could have told you that you would see him if you went there.

MISS SOPHRONIA.—When I was young, I should have aspired to something higher than a counter-jumper in my choice of a lover.

SADIE.—For my part, I should much prefer seeing my husband behind a counter to seeing him at a faro-table or in a bar-room.

MISS SOPHRONIA.—I suppose that sarcasm refers to poor Marcus, because he went a little too far in his gentlemanly dissipations.

SADIE.—Gentlemanly dissipations! As if a gentleman could so lower himself! My father shall know soon how the nephew he trusts spends his time.

(Enter Mr. Sanborn and Marcus.)

MR. SANBORN.—It is too bad!

MARCUS.—My dear uncle, do not get so excited.

MR. SANBORN.—Excited! Who would not be excited? This is the fifth valuable stone within the past fortnight.

SADIE.—Why, papa, you have not lost another jewel!

MR. SANBORN.—Yes, but I have, though. And this time it is the rose diamond your Uncle Clement sent me from India that is gone.

SADIE.—Your beautiful rose diamond! Oh! that is too bad. *(Enter Victor.)*

VICTOR.—Good-afternoon.

MR. SANBORN.—Good-afternoon, Mr. Vaulkland.

VICTOR *(looking round)*.—I—perhaps I intrude.

SADIE.—Oh! no, pray be seated. You find us somewhat disturbed, I fear. My father has just lost a valuable diamond from his collection of rare gems.

MR. SANBORN.—And I have lost before my heavy emerald, my largest ruby, and two very valuable opals of a peculiar tint and shape.

VICTOR.—My dear sir, in your place, I should certainly place a detective officer on the lookout.

MARCUS *(aside)*.—Impudent puppy!

MR. SANBORN.—I would give anything I possess to discover the thief. Stay! a thought strikes me. Marcus, you and Mr. Vaulkland

have both done me the honor to ask for my daughter's hand.

SADIE.—Papa! (*Aside.*) What can he be going to say?

MR. SANBORN.—Now I promise my consent to her marriage with whichever one of you will discover who is stealing the jewels from my collection, in spite of all my precautions.

SADIE.—Papa! How can you —

MR. SANBORN.—I only said my consent, dear. Of course, you are at liberty to ask for that consent or not, as you please.

VICTOR.—I, for one, will try my best.

MARCUS.—The thief is so apparent, that I cannot hesitate.

VICTOR.—May we look at the case where the jewels are kept, Mr. Sanborn?

MR. SANBORN.—Certainly! certainly! come now, if you wish. (*Exeunt all, except Tom.*)

TOM (*shutting his book with a snap*).—C-o-u-n, coun—t-e-r, ter—counter. Reckon I know dat plaguey little wordum now, arter all de bover I had of him. C-o-u-n-t-e-r—counter.

(*Curtain falls.*)

SCENE II.—PLOT.

SCENE.—*A library. In the background, facing the audience, a row of shelves covered with minerals, coins, shells, and other articles such as collectors value. One shelf has upon it a small casket. The stage is in a half light. Curtain rises, discovering Victor and Marcus standing conversing. Upon a chair near them is a long white sheet, and a hideous mask.*

VICTOR.—And you feel convinced that Tom is the culprit?

MARCUS.—There can be no doubt of it. He has been in the house just a fortnight, and my uncle never missed anything from his collection before he came. You may be sure my plot to catch him and make him confess will be successful.

VICTOR.—Well, I cannot wish you success, you know, old fellow, under the circumstances.

MARCUS.—But you will help me to tie on my mask, will you not?

VICTOR (*laughing*).—Certainly. I am not the first man willing to make a ghost of his rival.

(*Marcus puts on the mask and sheet with Victor's assistance.*) (*Enter Sadie.*)

SADIE.—O Mark! what a fright you are. Poor Tom! If it were not that I am perfectly convinced of his innocence, I would never consent to your plot. Are you ready?

MARCUS.—Yes, send him in as soon as you please. (*Enter Mr. Sanborn.*)

MR. SANBORN.—I believe I must see the fun, too.

MARCUS (*aside*).—Confusion! If my plot should fail! But I will not fail. Fear or bribery, one or the other, will surely accomplish all I wish.

SADIE.—I will send Tom now.

(*Exit Sadie.*)

VICTOR.—We must conceal ourselves.

(*Mr. Sanborn and Victor conceal themselves behind a curtain in background. Marcus stands half hidden beside the shelves.*)

MARCUS.—I hear Tom coming.

(*Enter Tom.*)

TOM.—Wish to gracious Missee Sadie hadn't sent dis yere darkey to dis pokey room, dis time o'night. (*Marcus groans.*) Oh! what's dat ar!—(*looks round trembling*). One o' dem bottled-up pickled snakes o' Marse Sanborn's, I bet a hookey! (*Marcus slowly advances, with arms extended.*) Oh! oh! oh! (*drops on his knees in the foreground.*)

MARCUS (*in a deep, hollow voice*).—Tom.

TOM.—Oh! dat ar's me. Oh! it's all ober for dis darkey.

MARCUS.—Tom!

TOM.—Yes, Marse Hobgobblum! Oh! please, Marse Hobgobblum, I—I—I—P'se de skeeriest nigga! Oh! he's going to grab me! Oh! oh! oh! (*cowers down on the floor.*)

MARCUS (*stooping over him*).—I have come to carry you away, Tom, unless you confess to me all your thefts.

TOM.—Oh! I'll 'fess all creation if you'll let me off jest dis yere time. Oh! don't tech me! (*trembling violently.*) Dis nigga'll neber lib till he dies now, sure nuff.

MARCUS.—Confess to me now, what you have stolen since you have been in this house.

TOM.—Yes, Marse Hobgobblum. Oh! I'll shibber all de teeth outen my jaws! Dere was two eggs I sucked de fustus day—but oh! please, Marse Hobgobblum, I was walloped onct for dem; an dar was a hunk o' pie de cook saved fur her own eatin', and she gi me two licks for dat ar; and dere was lumps o' sugar casumally, an', O Marse Hobgobblum! is you countin' de time ob de party dat I poke my finger in de ice-cream. Golly! dis darkey like t' fruz his han' off, sure nuff, dat time!

MARCUS.—You have stolen more than that, Tom. (*Leans over, and speaks aside to Tom.*) Confess to what I ask, and I will give you ten dollars.

TOM.—Hey?

MARCUS.—Did you not steal the stones from Mr. Sanborn's collection?

TOM.—Nebber, Marse Hobgobblum, nebber tetchted dem ar, sure as I'm a libe darkey dis day. What on yairth dis darkey want ob dem peksy little stones Marse Sanborn make sich a time ober?

MARCUS (*in a terrible voice*).—Confess, or I will carry you off and thrust you into burning flames. (*Aside to Tom, in a lower tone.*) Say you took them, and I will give you twenty dollars.

TOM.—I nebber tetchted de missable ole trashy stones, nebber; an 'deed, Marse Hobgobblum, yer can't burn me up for dat ar deed, new yer can't, kase I dunno nuffin 'tall 'bout 'em.

MARCUS.—I'll tear you limb from limb if you refuse to tell me where those stones are.

TOM.—'Clare to goodness I dunno! O Marse Hobgobblum! let dis boy go dis yere time, an' I'll nebber suck anover egg long 's I lib!

MARCUS.—Confess!

TOM.—Marse Hobgobblum, if yer will hab it—

MARCUS (*aside*).—At last!

TOM.—I done got two sassiges hidded away in de coal-bin to fry arter de remnants of de family gone to bed dis night! I'll put 'em back, 'deed I will.

MARCUS (*suddenly seizing him*).—Where are those stones?

TOM (*screaming out*).—Oh! oh! oh! let me go dis time! I'll nebber hook anudder moufful! O Marse Hobgobblum! let me go! let me go! (*Seems convulsed with terror.*)

MR. SANBORN (*advancing*).—Let him go!

MARCUS (*letting Tom go*).—Away with you!

TOM.—Oh! oh! oh! (*Exit Tom, howling.*)

MR. SANBORN.—The boy is evidently innocent.

VICTOR (*advancing*).—Yes, his terror was too real for him to keep back any of his thefts.

(*Enter Miss Sophronia.*)

MISS SOPHRONIA.—Did you gain any information from Tom?

VICTOR.—None at all.

MISS SOPHRONIA.—The boy is almost terrified to death. I left Sadie comforting him. She spoils him, anyhow, teaching him to read and making so much of him.

MARCUS (*throwing off his sheet and mask*).—Well, Mr. Vaulkland, now let us hear your plot for entrapping the thief.

VICTOR.—Indeed, I have made none.

MARCUS.—Shall you watch the other servants?

VICTOR.—Probably. I am afraid, however,

my skill as a detective officer will fall far short of yours as a ghost.

MISS SOPHRONIA.—For my part, I think some one comes in from outside.

MR. SANBORN.—Nonsense! The culprit is in the house. (*Enter Sadie.*)

SADIE.—Poor Tom! he will not recover from his terror in a month. I had hard work to coax him to go up-stairs to bed.

MR. SANBORN.—Well, enough of this for tonight, unless, Victor, you have a plot to unfold.

VICTOR.—Give me a little more time, sir?

MR. SANBORN.—As long as you like; but I hope the robber, in the meantime, will not fancy the amethyst I added to my collection to-day.

MISS SOPHRONIA.—Come, let us all say good-night. It is after ten o'clock. You will find the east room ready for you, Mr. Vaulkland.

VICTOR.—Thank you. I must return to town.

MR. SANBORN.—Good-night, then.

(*Exit all, excepting Victor and Sadie, each saying good-night as they go out.*)

VICTOR.—Sadie, one word with you before I go. (*Curtain falls.*)

SCENE III.—COUNTERPLOT.

SCENE.—Same as Scene II. The curtain rises instantly after falling for Scene II, discovering Victor and Sadie in the same position.

SADIE.—Certainly, Victor.

VICTOR.—I have assisted in your cousin's plot, but I have a counterplot to reveal to you alone.

SADIE.—You want me to assist you?

VICTOR.—I think I could place my hand now upon the present possessor of your father's stones, but I have no proof to bring forward. I have said that I would return to town this evening, but I intend to conceal myself in this room, if you will permit me, and I want you to listen for my signal, and call your father when you hear it.

SADIE.—Your signal?

VICTOR.—While you were all arranging Mark's disguise this evening, I slipped in here and set a trap under your father's jewel casket. It is a simple trap, but it will catch and hold firmly any hand that is put inside of the casket. I have reasons for wishing your father himself to see the robber in the act of robbing him.

SADIE.—O Victor! you do not think it is—

VICTOR.—Hush! We will call no names until we are certain that we are right. Will you listen for a low whistle, and bring your father here when you hear it?

SADIE.—I will.

VICTOR.—Good-night, then, for the present.

SADIE.—Good-night. (*Aside.*) Can his suspicions point the same way as my own?

(*Exit Sadie.*)

VICTOR.—And now for the result of my counterplot. (*Conceals himself as before.*)

(*A moment's pause, then enter Marcus, cautiously.*)

MARCUS.—Foiled! It was too bad! But I must try one more venture for that amethyst, and this will be my last opportunity. Victor Vaulkland will be safe at home to-night; but after this he will try his skill as a detective, and I shall not dare to touch the casket again. (*Goes towards the casket, and takes a key from his pocket.*) It is lucky that my desk key is just like this casket key, as it saves trouble. (*Puts the key in the keyhole.*) So! (*Lifts the lid; a sharp click is heard, and Marcus appears as if trying to draw away his hand.*) What is this? My hand is caught as if in a vice (*struggling*); I cannot free it. If anybody comes, I am lost. (*Victor gives a long, low whistle.*) Who was that? This is some trick of Vaulkland's.

(*Enter Mr. Sanborn and Sadie.*)

SADIE.—Yes, dear papa, I am sure the robber is here now. (*Points to Marcus.*) Ask the nephew you have loved and trusted what he is doing with his hand in your jewel casket at this hour of the night.

MR. SANBORN.—Can it be possible? Marcus!

MARCUS (*sullenly*).—Yes, Marcus. Come and get this trap from my hand, and I will leave the house and never trouble any of you again.

MR. SANBORN.—But what could have tempted you?

MARCUS.—Debts of honor, as they are called. You will find your jewels, uncle, in my dressing-case in a small box.

MR. SANBORN.—Debt! (*Going to Marcus.*) I—you are my sister's son, Marcus, and if you had told me you were in debt, I would have given you the value of the jewels. (*Tries to release Marcus.*) I cannot unfasten this clasp.

VICTOR (*coming forward*).—Permit me. (*Unfastens Marcus.*)

MR. SANBORN.—Ah! Humph! You are the detective, then. I hope you will consider this a family secret.

VICTOR (*taking Sadie's hand*).—Certainly, when I am, according to your promise, to be one of the family.

MR. SANBORN.—Yes, yes. I will keep my promise, of course. Marcus, if you will just see if the rose diamond is safe, and—and the others.

Dear me, I am very glad you have not sold them yet. Just give me a list of the debts, and I will buy the stones back again.

MARCUS.—Such goodness, after my base ingratitude, shames me. Victor, I congratulate you, and will try to be worthy of your friendship if you will not expose me. Sadie, can you still call me cousin?

SADIE.—Yes, Marcus, if you are really sorry.

VICTOR.—Let us forget the past, and try to take a new start for the future.

MR. SANBORN.—We'll have a wedding, and bid farewell to all plots.

SADIE.—And counterplots. (*Curtain falls.*)

LONGINGS.

BY ELLA WHEELER.

THE moonbeams fall in a shower
Of silvery, shimmering light,
And the stars look out of the heavens
With their brightest smile to-night.
There's a sleeping world around me,
But I cannot sleep, somehow,
And I sit here at the window
With my hands clasped on my brow.

Somewhere in this vale of sorrow
There are lives bowed down with care,
There are eyes that see the moonlight,
And do not think it fair.
There are hearts that think of the morrow
As holding raught but pain,
And they long for that dreamless slumber
That breaks not here again.

And I weep alone in the moonlight
For these souls weighed down by grief—
Weep in my bitter sorrow
That I cannot give relief—
That I cannot help or comfort
These suffering ones to-night,
Who lie in their bitter sorrow
And wait for the morning light.

Oh! the Lord has shown such mercy,
And has been so kind alway,
That I know not how to thank Him,
Nor how to half repay.
But I think if I just could comfort
His children that are sad,
That it, may be, would please Him,
And make the angels glad.

And my heart is full of yearning
For His lost and wounded sheep,
But I know not how to reach them,
And I sit alone and weep.
Oh! give me work, my Master,
And show me where to go,
Or my heart will grow unloving
With its selfish joys, I know.

IN LEAGUE WITH SATAN.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "TEN NIGHTS IN A BAR-ROOM."

"OF whom are you speaking?"

"Of Harland," I replied.

"That is a hard saying."

"Is it not true?"

My friend put on a thoughtful face, that grew, after a moment or two, a little puzzled.

"There are, so to speak," I said, "two great powers that rule the destinies of men—Hell and Heaven; and we are each of us in league with one or the other. Heaven conserves—Hell destroys. One is the power of good—the other of evil. On which side is Harland?"

My friend was silent.

"Does he do good in his life-work?"

No answer.

"Evil?"

My friend shrugged his shoulders.

"Is he in league with Heaven, to bless and save mankind? Or with Hell, to destroy both soul and body?"

"You put the case too strongly," was answered. "Harland is a kind-hearted man, and, in the main, a good citizen. We called on him for a contribution to our church, and he gave us a hundred dollars."

"The price, it may be, of a human soul, sent to perdition through the door opened by his hand."

"You call things by hard names."

"By true names only. If his one hundred dollars had represented some useful service—been the gain of good to his fellow man—you might rejoice in its acceptance. The money would have been thrice blessed; in its gain, in its gift, and in its reception. But the case, as it stands, is very different. Cursed in the gaining, can any blessing attend the giving or the receiving?"

"You put too fine a point to the matter," said my friend impatiently. "We must take things as they are, and make the best of them. That is my way."

"If your neighbor maintained a fever-breeding nuisance at your very door—poisoning the air, and putting the lives of your children in danger, would you mildly accept it, and make the best of it, or protest against and try to get rid of it?"

"The cases are hardly parallel."

"Hardly? Perhaps not. The fever-breeding nuisance is a mild affair to the dram-shop.

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The one simply affects the health of the community which surrounds it; the other not only touches the physical and temporal well-being of all who come within its reach, but saps the foundations of morality as well. It not only concerns itself with the present, but its influence extends to all eternity. Domestic peace is invaded, and entire families become involved in the ruin which it works, and poverty, ignorance and crime are the certain results. Look here, my friend; you have a son. In ten years he will be far on in his teens. How would you feel to see him, at twenty, going into Harland's bar-room?"

"I would rather see him dead!" was the startled and emphatic answer.

"Why? Because you would regard it, under such a view, as the very gate of Hell. Is it less so because the sons of other men are enticed to enter? Is the man in league with Heaven who keeps such a place—who engages in a traffic that kills men's souls as well as bodies—that pauperizes the people and covers the land with crime?"

My friend was dumb.

"Let me read you," said I, "an imaginary compact between a man and the devil. I find it in a late number of *The Christian at Work*."

And I read him the following:

"THE RUMSELLER'S PROPOSAL TO THE DEVIL.

"DEAR SIR: I have opened apartments, fitted up with all the enticements of luxury, for the sale of Rum, Brandy, Gin, Wine, Beer and all their compounds. Our objects, though different, can be best attained by united action. I therefore propose a Copartnership. All I want of men is their money. All the rest shall be yours.

"Bring me the industrious, the sober, the respectable, and I will return them to you drunkards, paupers and beggars.

"Bring me the child, and I will dash to earth the dearest hopes of the father and mother.

"Bring me the father and the mother, and I will plant discord between them, and make them a curse and a reproach to their children.

"Bring me the young man, and I will ruin his character, destroy his health, shorten his life, and blot out the highest and purest hopes of youth.

"Bring me the mechanic or the laborer, and his own money—the hard-earned fruits of his toil—shall be made to plant poverty, vice and ignorance in his once happy home.

"Bring me the warm-hearted sailor, and I will send him on a lee-shore, and make shipwreck of all his fond hopes for evermore.

"Bring me the professed follower of Christ, and I will blight and wither every devotional feeling of the heart. I will corrupt the ministers of religion, and defile the purity of the Church.

"Bring me the patronage of the city and of the courts of justice—let the magistrates of the State and the Union become my patrons—let the law-makers themselves meet at my table, and participate in violation of law, and the name of law shall become a hissing and a by-word in the streets.

"Bring me, above all, the moral, respectable man—if possible, bring the moderate temperance man, though he may not drink, yet his presence will countenance the pretexes under which our business must be masked—bring him to our stores, oyster saloons, eating-houses and hotels, and the more timid of our victims will then enter without alarm.

"Yours faithfully,

"RUMSELLER."

"REPLY.

"MY DEAR BROTHER: I address you by this endearing appellation, because of the congeniality of our spirits, and of the great work we are both engaged in—the work of destruction. I most cordially accept your proposals. For five thousand years I sought in vain for a man so fully after my own heart to do my work among men. I even ransacked the lowest depths of hell for a devil who could and would do for me the whole work of destruction. But little success attended their efforts. My minions always made some mistake, or too soon showed the cloven foot. I sent out the demon Murder, and he slew a few thousands, most generally the helpless and innocent. Men turned away with loathing from him, and his mission was comparatively a failure.

"I bade my servant Lust go forth. He led innocent youths and beautiful maidens in chains—destroying virtue, wrecking happiness, blasting characters, and caused untimely deaths and dishonored graves. But even then, many of his victims escaped through the power of God, my enemy.

"I sent out Avarice, and in his golden chains some were bound; but men learned to hate

him for his meanness, and comparatively few fell by him.

"The twin brothers, Pestilence and War, went forth, and Famine stole behind them; but these three indiscriminately slew the old and young, men, women and children—the good as well as the bad—and Heaven received as many accessions as Hell.

"In sadness my Satanic heart mourned over the probable loss of my crown and kingdom, as I contemplated the tremendous strides which the Gospel of Jesus was making in saving men from my clutches.—But when I received your kind letter; I shouted till the welkin of Hell echoed the shout, 'Eureka! Eureka!' 'I have found it! I have found it.' Yes, my dear friend, I could have embraced you a thousand times, and I have given orders to reserve for you a place nearest my person, the most honorable seat in my kingdom. In you are combined all the qualifications of just such a friend and partner as I have long wished for, and in your business are all the elements of success. Now shall my throne be forever established. Only carry out your designs, and you shall have money, though it be wrung from the broken hearts of helpless women, and from the mouths of innocent, perishing children. Though you fill the jails, work-houses and poor-houses, though you crowd the insane asylums, though you make murder, incest and arson to abound, and erect scaffolds and gallows in every village, town and city, you shall have money. I will also harden your heart, so that your conscience will never trouble you. You shall look upon blood, and even shed it, without shame or anguish. You shall think yourself a gentleman, though men and women, your victims, shall call you demon. You shall be devoid of the fear of God, the horrors of the grave, and the solemnities of eternity; and when you come to me, your works shall produce you a reward forever. All I claim is the souls of the victims. Yours to the very last,

"DIABOLUS."

"What an outrage!" exclaimed my friend with much warmth, as I finished reading.

"You think so?"

"I do. Men should reflect a little before they write and publish such things. I have a brother-in-law who sells liquor, and he has one of the finest families I know. His daughters are good, respectable, well-educated, lady-like girls, and are received in the best society. How would they feel to read a scandalous tirade like that?"

"I should be sorry for them, of course," said I. "But their respectability, intelligence and good character give no warrant to their father to destroy human souls, or fill our jails and almshouses."

"Who says he does it?"

"Can he engage in this fearful traffic, and not thus hurt the souls and bodies of men? You know he cannot. Is there a sentence just read, descriptive of the awful work in which rumsellers are engaged, that is not true to the letter?"

My friend was silent.

"You know there is not. Let us, then, call such things by their right names, not gild them over with false appearances; for every time we do so we lure a human soul to ruin. Men who, for gain, engage in any business that hurts their neighbor, are surely not in league with Heaven—if not with Heaven, then it must be with Hell."

My friend turned away, still, I could see, unconvinced. Oh! the blindness of those who are wilfully blind.

OLIVER OPTIC.

OLIVER OPTIC, who has been styled the "Peter Parley" of the present generation, is one of the most prolific of living authors. Beginning to write while sub-master of the Boylston School, in Boston, he has, in ten years, produced upward of fifty volumes. His first juvenile, "*Now or Never*," occupied only two weeks of his leisure time; and he was engaged on one of his later books, we think it was "*Outward Bound*," precisely one hundred hours. It sold twelve thousand copies, and paid Optic at least two thousand dollars—say twenty dollars an hour—which may be accounted very fair remuneration for an American author. But let no one suppose that Optic turns out this amount of printed matter without severe and engrossing labor. He writes five hours a day—choosing the morning, when his mind is fresh and his spirits elastic—and while he writes his pen flashes across the page as if moved by electricity. He never stops to erase, to interline, or to daintily select the nicest forms of expression. He takes the first word that comes to his hand; and any word will do, so long as it is short and Saxon, and not above the comprehension of youthful readers. He is under contract to furnish his publishers with two books a year; but if they were to stretch their demand to a dozen, it is probable that Oliver would be found equal to the emergency.

Until very recently Mr. Optic has been a teacher, and, in appearance and habits, he still retains a good deal of the pedagogue. He is one of the most methodical of men—rising at seven in summer and eight in winter, and then doing his five hours of literary labor. The afternoon he spends at his publishers', and the evening again at home, in editing the little magazine to which he has given name and existence.

Optic, whose every-day name is William T. Adams, is about fifty years of age, and was born in Medway, Massachusetts. He began life as a hotel-keeper, in which profession he succeeded his father, who was for a quarter of a century proprietor of the Lamb Tavern, in Boston, a famous public house in its day; and, also, for a time, of the Adams House, which is still one of the best hotels of that city. Oliver, however, did not long follow his hereditary profession. After a year or two, he relinquished it for the birch and the ferule, and, for nearly twenty years, was one of the most successful teachers in Boston. It was while giving at least five hours a day to this engrossing pursuit that he produced the most of his books, which now number about forty juveniles, a spelling-book, a volume of domestic sketches, and one or two "grown-up" stories. For the past four years he has relinquished teaching, and he now devotes his entire attention to literature.

In personal appearance Optic retains, as we have said, a good deal of the pedagogue. He has a certain stiffness and precision of manner which strongly savors of the school-room: but when the crust of reserve in which he is usually encased is once broken, he is found to be one of the most genial and open-hearted of gentlemen. His hair is dark and wavy, his head full and well-poised, and his figure, though slight and under the medium stature, firmly knit and well-proportioned. No one, to look on his cold, gray eye, and quiet, placid exterior, would suspect that he can reel off the most exciting narrative by the hour together; but he can, as everybody will admit who has read any one of his stories.—*Packard's Monthly*.

IN Sweden a man who is seen drunk four times is deprived of a vote. If that rule had been in force in this country, some men who now hold office would have been "elected to stay at home."

THOSE who would go to Heaven when they die, must begin their Heaven while they live.

TEACHING IDIOTS.

A WRITER in the *Youth's Companion*, published at Boston, gives some very interesting facts about the way in which idiots are taught in Dr. Howe's school. He says:

The untutored idiot sees men as trees walking. He pays so little attention to the appearance of things, that often he does not even distinguish bright colors, unless his attention is specially directed to them.

Large pieces of bright-colored pasteboard or paper are placed before him, and he is required to distinguish between red and black, and blue and green.

As he does so, the names of the colors are given, and he is required to learn and to repeat them.

The pupil does not understand what the words mean. If his teacher, pointing to the blackboard, says—"Say blackboard!" he will try to repeat "Say blackboard." And if he is allowed to do so a number of times when the object is presented, he will learn to think that "say blackboard" is the name of the blackboard.

A great deal of time must be spent in these exercises in giving names to things.

Sometimes the scholar must be made to repeat the name several hundred times, for these simple elements of knowledge which other children learn as easily, almost, as they learn to breathe, must be drilled into the dull brain of the unfortunate idiot.

One of the teachers was obliged to make a boy of thirteen years of age repeat three consecutive words six hundred and forty times before he could be sure that he would do it correctly.

The same slow, tedious process has to be gone through to teach the pupils anything whatever.

When the teacher wishes to teach the difference between one and two, between a handful and a pint, a pint and a quart, the idiot is made to pour two successive pint measures into a quart measure, and then his feeble mind is taxed to comprehend that two pints make a quart. This is no light task for him. Hour after hour, and day after day, he must fill a quart measure, and count the number of times he does it in order to fill a peck.

It is very hard to teach him that one and one make two; harder still, that two and two make four.

Thus, to learn an idiot the simplest arithmetic, objects are handled, counted and dwelt upon a long time. An idiot will labor for

months in the seemingly vain effort to find out the difference between four and five; but if finally he learns it, the work is not lost—for he is one step further from the state of the brutes than he perish.

To teach the idiot to write or to draw is a work more difficult still. No one can learn to write without first fixing his attention, and thinking, and remembering; and it is the lack of these powers that makes one an idiot.

It is very hard to make one of these pupils attentive. It pains him to think. If his attention is forcibly aroused, it flags again in a moment. The teacher has the greatest difficulty to keep the idiot's eye fixed upon his own. It slides off continually and drops downward.

The lowest grade of idiot pays hardly any attention to the impressions on his senses. Even the gnawings of hunger do not rouse the sense of taste into activity. All he craves is something to fill up the aching void, and he cares not whether it is delicious food or offal from the dung-heap. He only wants to be let alone; he has no higher aspirations than the brutes.

After many years of patient teaching, these children can be taught to read simple stories, and behave themselves, and learn to love gymnastic exercises, and make brooms and mats, and perform simple household duties. That is all; but that is much; and we should all rejoice at these results if the idiot were our sister or our brother.

One boy in the school was pointed out to me by Miss Parkhurst, the teacher, as the worst case in the class. He was a boy, I should judge, of thirteen or fourteen years of age. He sat at his desk with a pile of little wooden blocks before him. When he first came, the teachers could not get him to do anything at all. He sat all day long with his hands crossed on his breast, constantly slapping his right shoulder with his left hand. The other boys about him, he noticed at last, made houses with their blocks. One day he imitated them.

"I could have cried for joy," said the kind teacher, "when I saw him do it."

His attention was now aroused; a human interest had been excited. She felt, therefore, that there was hope for him now.

It is very affecting to see the love the poor creatures—or at least some of them—have for their teacher.

They are well treated, these idiotic children. No one is ever suffered to inflict a blow on them.

This method is not lost on the children, idiots though they are.

Let me tell the story of one of them. He was twenty-two years of age. He talked like a little child. He understood all simple directions, if they were given in short and easy words.

Before he came to the school, he was irritable and violent when enraged, breaking and destroying things in his passion. He was treated in the usual way—force was met by force; for every offence he was whipped and punished.

He treated everything as he was treated. Whatever offended him he maltreated. If it were a tool of any kind, he would smash and break it in pieces; if it were a dumb beast, he would beat and abuse it.

"It happened one Sunday," says Dr. Howe, "that a zealous member of the Peace Society was a visitor at the house, and witnessed a scene of contest in which the father of this idiot barely came off victor.

"The visitor urged the father to follow a different course with his unfortunate son; to abandon all blows, all direct use of force, and try mild measures.

"By his advice, Johnnie was made to understand that, if he should commit a certain offence, he would be kindly and mildly remonstrated with, have nothing but bread and water for supper, and be obliged to lie upon the floor, with only a little straw under him.

"Very soon he began himself to practise this mode of punishment upon the cattle. If the cow offended him, instead of flying into a passion and beating her, he addressed her gravely, telling her the nature of her offence, and admonishing her of the consequences. He would then lead her out, lay some straw upon the ground, bring a little water and a crust of bread, and tell her that was all she could have for supper!

"One day, being in the field, he hurt his foot with the rake, and instead of getting angry, as he was wont to do, and breaking the instrument to pieces, he took it up mildly but firmly, carried it home, got some straw and laid the offending tool upon it. Then he brought some bread and water, and demurely told the offender that it had been very naughty, that he did not want to hurt it, but it should have no other supper and no bed to lie upon.

"By such means," adds the Doctor, "he has been very much improved, not only in behavior, but in temper. He is growing less violent and more manageable every day."

In the girls' school, at South Boston, I saw one pupil who was in a more deplorable condi-

tion than even Laura Bridgman. She was not quite six years of age, and yet she was deaf, dumb, blind and idiotic! She lay in a little rocking wagon, not murmuring, not noticing any one; only rocking, rocking, all day long!

In an adjoining room there were all the apparatus of a gymnasium, and we saw the boys put through the manual of arms—carrying wooden guns—and others climb high ladders, or swing by their feet, with their heads and arms in the air.

They are very fond of these exercises; and as much or more than their lessons in school, the gymnasium tends to arrest their attention.

Do you ask, What has been the sum total of the efforts of the teachers in this school? Let Dr. Howe reply:

"The chief objects aimed at," he says, "have been, first, to put the pupils into the best possible condition of health and vigor; to develop strength and activity of body; and to train them to the command and use of muscle and limb.

"Second, to check inordinate animal appetites; to correct unseemly habits; to accustom them to temperance, cleanliness and order; and to strengthen their powers of self-control, so that they may be at least less unsightly or disagreeable to others.

"Third, to train them to some habits of industry, so that they may be at least less burdensome to others in after life.

"Fourth, to develop, as far as possible, their mental faculties and moral sentiments, by exercises and lessons suitable to their feeble condition and capacities, and thus to elevate them in the scale of humanity.

... "With the great majority there has been marked and gratifying success in the attainment of these objects. In some cases the change in the appearance, condition and habits of the children has been so great as to amount almost to a new creation.

"From sickly, gluttonous, stupid and slothful creatures, they have become healthy, self-controlling, active and comparatively bright children and youth. Some have been rescued from the category of idiocy into which they had fallen by reason of disease, neglect or unfavorable circumstances, rather than been born to it. Others have been so far improved as to become inoffensive, even to the most fastidious persons, and to be capable of earning their livelihood under the care of kind and judicious friends."

Such is one of the great victories of peace which our country has won during the last generation. I should rather have done this work than have taken Atlanta!

THE DEERINGS OF MEDBURY.

BY VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND.

CHAPTER XIII.

ALEXANDER WENTWORTH had stumbled, in a swift, blind way, upon his horse, and had seized the reins, when a hand suddenly plucked at his arm, and looking up, he saw, gleaming ghost-like on him through the snow, the face of Hollis Deering—a face ashen white with horror and fear.

Out there, in the rush of the bitter wind and the blinding snow, the two looked at each other a moment in utter silence. The man spoke first, in a fierce, hard, angry tone—"Go back into the house, Hollis Deering; I want nothing of you now. Who told you to come out here?" And he tried to shake off the hand that clutched at his arm. But the soft, light thing held itself firmly.

"No, I will not leave you, Alexander Wentworth. You shall not do that thing you mean to do this night—so help me God."

Her voice not very loud, the bitter gusts of wind sweeping across it; but it held down in every word some deadly force of will, which no human being had ever heard before in the voice of Hollis Deering.

The man laughed out now—a short, sharp, desperate laugh, breaking into the storm like the cry of unloosed demons. "I'd like to know what you or your God can do to prevent it. You are too late now. Go back into the house, I tell you again, Hollis Deering."

Her hand upon his arm did not shake. It was literally a matter of life and death between the two now. "You shall grind me under your horse's heels before I will leave you like this," said Hollis Deering; and by the faint light of the falling snow, the man looked in her face, and knew that she meant just what she said.

He swore a dreadful oath at her. He attempted to wrench her fingers away, but they only gripped him closer. Then he glared on her out there in the bitter wind, and the blinding snow, half resolved in his frenzy to strike her down and plunge away.

"I was a fool to tell you!" he cried—"a mad, drivelling fool!" and again he cursed her. She did not shrink or shiver, even, at the awful words. She knew how life and death hung balanced on the slightest movement now.

"No, Alick Wentworth, it was your last

chance, your last hope, and God put it into your heart to come to me;" the brave, decided voice holding its own fairly above the clanging of the winds.

"I don't want to hear about Him. It's too late, I tell you."

"It is never too late for Him, unless you do that thing which will make it so. I stand here before you, to-night, a timid, powerless girl, strong to help you only because I know that through me the voice of the God whom you deny is speaking to you."

He was silent one moment at that. Then he turned upon her fiercely. "What is it you want to do with me?" he asked.

"To save your soul and body from the Devil," she said. It was no time for dainty words on either side.

Again that laugh, like the cry of demons, curdling awfully above the storm. "You can't do it. I belong to him, and I'm going to my fate. Good-by, Hollis Deering, kind, generous, little Hollis; my friend that would be to the last, knowing the worst;" his voice breaking down there a moment, and his hand dropping heavily upon her shoulder. "Forgive me all I said in my madness, dear child, and forget me. There, go ahead, Dapple," urging the restive, champing creature forward.

But Hollis was at the horse's head in one moment. It was well he had learned to know that voice and touch, and like them. She stroked his mane, she drew her soft fingers down his face. "There, Dapple, good fellow, still, still, Dapple, a minute."

And the restive, quivering creature bent his head to her hand, and stood still. She came back in a moment to Dapple's master, grasping his arm. I think, even in that instant, her power over his horse struck the man. This time he did not answer fiercely, he only said—"It's of no use, Hollis—of no use. I must go." And the snow swept, and the winds clamored between them.

"If you will only listen to me."

He did not answer her, but she heard him mutter—"To-morrow! to-morrow!"

"Face it beforehand, Alick Wentworth. Meet the worst this night, and when to-morrow's sun arises, you will thank me for what I have done; and thank God, too, through all

the life to come, that He put it into my heart to do and say this."

He turned upon her now with passionate fierceness. "What is it you want me to do?"

"Just what I said in the house. Go straight to your uncle, and tell him the worst."

"Do you know what that means—that only scorn, and misery, and dishonor are in store for me? My life is wrecked and lost. What is there remains to me? I have looked it fairly in the face. Shall I drag my miserable carcass around the world, a mark for the sneers and contempt of all men! Shall I go to my uncle and look him in the face, and tell him that I deserve a felon's cell—I have fairly earned it; and if he does not pack me off to the herd of vile criminals there, where my place is, it will be because of the family name and honor. Think of Honora's raging scorn when she comes to hear that. I can face death, but not her!"

The elegant, admired, petted Alexander Wentworth! When you came to think what he was and what his life had been, one hardly wondered that his crime and the consequences which he must front had driven him to deadly desperation. Was it any wonder that heart and soul failed him, at the last; that he turned coward and believed what the Devil whispered to him, that nothing remained to him but to die like a dog?

"Yet you must do it. It is your only chance for life!" burst out Hollis Deering once more. Ah! if I could only tell you what she said, and how she said it—the brave girl, standing there, with the snow whitening upon her head, and the blast raging past her, and she utterly unconscious of all this, while the lights shone in the pleasant little parlor and from the chamber window overhead, where her father and mother sat in warm, cosy comfort, and fancied she was dreaming in the glow of the grate fire beneath—how she pleaded with this man for the life he was about to madly dash out of his brain, I cannot tell you. Hollis Deering had never talked thus before—she never will again; and although only she and Alexander Wentworth will ever know what passed between them on that night, the girl believes to this day that for once God spoke through her lips to the soul of this man.

She pleaded with him—she set his future before him—all that he might make of it for himself and others; the man he yet might become, putting the old life behind him and coming out into a new one—that should be stronger and nobler, braver and better for this sin

and anguish; pausing once in a while, in the midst of her talk, and stroking the restive horse's mane.

"There, Dapple, good fellow, there," and at those words the creature would droop his head and stand still again.

Something in that girl's words found its way to the soul of Alexander Wentworth, roused within him that better, nobler nature, of whose existence he himself had hardly a consciousness.

What if this girl told him the truth? What if, after all, the God whom he had denied and defied were speaking through her?

Was there some future for him, nobler than his past? Was it the Devil, after all, who whispered to him to slink out of life a coward and a poltroon? What if something still remained for him to do, and this night was the dreadful bridge which led out from the old, lounging, reckless, ignoble life to a new one, one of toil, and sweat, and wrestling in the harness and heat of the day, but brave and honest, and better than the mean and selfish one which just now he hated and loathed.

He saw himself, this Alexander Wentworth, as for days the poor fellow had been seeing himself, lying limp and stark when the morning sun broke upon him, with livid, horrified faces of friends and kin gathered around—a little later they would learn the crime which explained and justified his self murder.

What if this girl's voice, calling to him out of the blind darkness and anguish of this hour, was the true one? His soul groped toward it and then drew back half-doubting, all the false fears and dreads stirring in him again, yet, through all, he heard the voice pleading for his life, commanding, prophesying, and it was as if the voice of an angel spoke to him.

The tears came thick into his eyes, and dropped down on his brown, handsome beard, and glistened there among the snow-flakes.

She paused at last, drawing her breath heavily—and again he turned and looked at her in the light of the falling snow and the distant street lamps. "If I could know it was true—what you say," he said, in a tone whose terrible pathos went straight to her heart.

"But it is true, God knows it, and the other—that your life is wrecked and broken is a lie and of the Devil," she said. "He and I, knowing the worst, have faith in you. O Alick Wentworth! live, live to thank me for this night's work."

"I must go before my uncle and look him in the face, and tell him the truth—that is what

you would have me do," going over the words slowly, half to himself.

"Yes; go straight to him with the whole truth, just as you have told me."

The hand on his arm—a small, thin hand, like the rest of the girl—but it was all in that hour that held him back from death. It had grown numb and red now. It could not hold there much longer.

Suddenly his voice changed. "You must be very cold standing out here so long, little Hollis."

"Yes, I believe I am," she said indifferently.

"You must go into the house now," speaking kindly and naturally enough.

She put her face up close to his, with those great, brown eyes asking their life and death question.

"But you—you?" she faltered and choked.

"I will try. God helping me, I will try."

Through the shaking back and forth of the winds, you might have heard this man's voice a good way off.

She gave him both of her numb, red hands then. Neither of them could speak for a moment. Before she took her fingers away, she drew a little closer and whispered to him—"Have you a pistol?"

He bowed his head.

"Let me have it?" she said.

He fumbled a moment at his breast pocket, and drew it out—a small Colt's revolver.

As her fingers touched the cold steel, she shuddered.

"Be careful," he said; "it's loaded."

Then he looked once more in her face, and, without daring to trust himself to speak another word, he struck his spurs into Dapple's sides and sprang off.

As for Hollis, she staggered into the house. She was a delicate creature. One would have fancied she must have taken her death cold during the time she had stood out there in the blasts of wind and the blinding snow.

When she got into the hall, she shook off the flakes that clung to her, wondering at herself that she felt so cold and numb; wondering, too, whether she should ever be warm again.

She dragged her limbs into the parlor, and up to the grate, with its little red island of live coals. The warmth penetrated and stung her half-frozen limbs. She sat down, and the tears kept coming in her eyes and falling stilly over her cheeks. She was too worn out to cry passionately, after the dreadful strain which she had undergone.

She had placed the revolver on the stand

before her. She kept gazing at it. What thoughts swelled in her heart, only God knew. But her eyes shone with great, radiant deeps of exultation, and through the tears a joyful smile flickered sometimes, and once she placed her fingers on the revolver.

"O my God!" she said. "My God, I thank Thee."

Coming home that night, muffled up in the warm blankets, Agnes Deering looked out of the carriage window, and half fancied something passed them through the gray, thick drifts of the snow.

"Did you see anything then?" she asked Leander, who sat by her side.

"No; what was it?"

"I'm not certain, but it seemed for a moment as though a man on horseback swept past us."

"It is not likely, such a night as this. Some freak of the snowdrifts, doubtless. Ugh! how the wind beats about. Are you quite comfortable, my darling?"

"Oh! yes, thank you, Leander."

"It's very strange what took Alick off to-night. I never saw Kittredge so cut up over anybody's absence. But then, you know, Alick is a kind of idol with him. And he is a capital fellow. I feel a little anxious myself about him."

So Leander Sullivan talked going home that night. Meanwhile, there was a sore place in Agnes's thoughts as she went over that evening. She was on the point of telling her lover all that had passed, but at the instant she drew back. "It will only pain him," she thought. "Not to-night."

Leander and Agnes were a good deal surprised to find Hollis sitting up before the fire when they returned.

"You are curious, Hollis," said Agnes. "I fancied you would be in bed long ago."

"No; I didn't feel sleepy to-night," she answered simply enough.

She had laid the pistol out of sight when she heard the carriage drive up.

The young man only waited a moment; but just as he was leaving the room, Hollis rose up. "I want to see you an instant in the hall, Mr. Sullivan," she said very earnestly.

Agnes looked at her sister, half amused, half amazed. "Is it possible I am not to hear?" she asked.

"Not now, Agnes. Perhaps you will know sometime."

"I shall be very much honored to hear what you have to say to me, Miss Hollis," replied Leander, rather perplexed and curious at the

whole proceeding; but then he had made up his mind long ago that his future sister-in-law was in the habit of doing quaint, out-of-the-way things.

So these two stood alone in the hall. Hollis looked at young Sullivan a moment with her great, solemn eyes, as though she would sift what stuff lay at bottom of the man before her. Then she broke out. "Mr. Sullivan, you will go straight home to-night?"

"Why, certainly, Miss Hollis!" wondering if the girl had lost her wits.

"You will find somebody there who needs you; and oh! I beseech you, be generous, be pitiful, as you will want God to be to you some day."

Leander Sullivan stared at the girl, really shocked. "Had she gone suddenly mad?" he asked himself, half undecided whether or not to summon Agnes, who was walking up and down the parlor, wondering what mystery Hollis could have with her lover.

"What do you mean, Hollis?" inquired Leander at last, in a soothing tone, such as one might use towards a frightened child.

"I mean Alexander Wentworth—"

He started at that name. "What! have you seen him to-night?"

"Yes; he has been here. He is in awful trouble, Mr. Sullivan—such trouble as you cannot conceive of. If the others show him no pity—and I think they will not—you, at least, will remember what I told you—he has been dragged back from the very mouth of death and hell to-night; he may go there again, if you all turn against him."

Leander Sullivan grew white at those dreadful words. Yet, some sense of their truthfulness penetrated his soul. He no longer doubted the sanity of the girl standing there, with her white face and her great, shining, solemn eyes.

"Alick Wentworth—Al," he said, and the figure of the graceful, luxurious, happy fellow, as Leander knew him, rose before the young man. "In great trouble! What has happened to him?"

"I can't tell you. He must do that. And you will have to know soon enough. Only don't forget what I said. You are needed by this time. Go now."

"Good-by, Hollis," giving her his hand, with some fresh sense of power in the girl.

"Good-by, Mr. Sullivan. You will understand in a little while." And she went into the parlor.

As for Leander Sullivan, he stumbled out through the storm to the carriage with a feel-

ing that some mysterious evil menaced him, in which Alexander Wentworth was the central figure, and he shouted to the coachman to "Drive like all the fiends for home."

CHAPTER XIV.

The party at Mr. Kittredge's had separated early on account of the storm. The gentleman's wife, and mother-in-law, and niece, sat in an alcove, and went over the whole evening after the manner of women.

Mr. Kittredge paid little attention to their chatter. He was not in a good humor over Al's absence, and at the bottom was a little anxiety lest some accident had befallen him.

"Honora," he said, breaking suddenly into the talk, "did you ever know Al. to act in this fashion before?"

"Well, no, Uncle Ambrose, I can't say I ever did know him serve his friends quite so shabbily," replied the young lady, who was highly complacent over the sensation which her beauty and wit had made that evening. "That erratic brother of mine likes immensely to have his own way, and no doubt an absurd fancy seized him at the last moment to carry himself off. In this dreadful storm, too. He deserves to be impaled for it."

Honora Wentworth liked to startle people with extravagant speeches.

Mrs. Kittredge laughed. But at that moment the door opened, and a waiter, putting his head inside, said to the lady's husband—"Will you be good enough to step here, sir? There's somebody wants to see you."

The gentleman rose up and went out. Mrs. Sullivan, who had a son of her own, remarking—"I wonder if it has anything to do with Alick? Something may have happened to him."

"Oh! no," said Honora carelessly. "It's only one of his odd freaks. Uncle Ambrose needn't fret his dear old soul over it. Al. always takes good care of himself." And she went back to the party, which happened to be the topic nearest her heart at that time.

Meanwhile, Mr. Kittredge had been addressed by the waiter as soon as the door was closed in a rather mysterious tone.

"It's Mr. Wentworth, sir. He's in the library, and wants to see you—but he said I was to be sure and tell no one else."

Ambrose Kittredge, a good deal perplexed, and not a little provoked, made his way to the library, where his nephew awaited him. It was a large room, with dark, rich wainscoting,

the lines of books marshalled orderly behind the thick glass and heavy carving.

The light shone dimly over all, but it showed Alick pacing up and down the room.

So the fellow's limbs were all sound, about whose welfare his uncle had felt a little secret uneasiness. There was no excuse for his conduct then.

Then the uncle broke out in a way quite unusual with him, to his favorite, petted nephew—"Well, young man, I must say your conduct to-night has been most unaccountable."

Alexander did not answer at first. He went right over to his uncle and stood before him, his face haggard and peaked, like a man's grown suddenly old.

"Uncle Ambrose," he said in a hard, rapid, excited voice, "I've got something to tell you. I meant, instead, to put a bullet through my brain to-night, and I fancied my dead face to-morrow, when you came to see it, might plead with you a little—at any rate, it could not hear your curses."

"God help us!" cried the man, staggering back and staring at his nephew; and I doubt whether in all his life Ambrose Kittredge had ever made a more devout prayer than that one. "What does the boy mean?"

Alick's gaze went over the fine, portly figure standing there—over the shocked face under the thick, grizzly hair. Some pity struggled up into the wild, hunted glare of the young man's eyes. He was about to deal the elder a dreadful blow. He knew it, knew just how proud his uncle was of him, how fond, too; and thinking of all this, he groaned out sharply—"O Hollis! it would have been better to let me die!"

"Alick, boy, what ails you?" cried the elder, seizing his nephew's arm. "Are you gone mad?"

"No!"—shaking off the kindly hand as though it was fire, and burnt him. But no soft words would smooth the story, else, for his uncle's sake, Alexander Wentworth would have gone hunting for them, and it was to his credit that, in this awful moment, he did think of his uncle with a real pity. "No, I am not mad, but I am worse than that."

"Worse than that!"—the man's face getting whiter with amazement and horror. "What do you mean, Alick?"

"I mean that I have committed a crime—a crime that will shut me up for years in a felon's cell unless you take pity upon me."

Ambrose Kittredge staggered, and grasped the chair arm; his fingers clutched helplessly at his necktie, like one who was strangling for

breath. It was pitiful to see him—the dignified, stately gentleman. He gasped once or twice, and then he turned on his nephew the awful pallor and horror of his face.

"Have you told me the truth, Alexander Wentworth?"—in a stern, choking voice.

"I have told you the truth," said Alexander Wentworth in slow, hard tones, and his arms seemed to hang limp and nerveless by his side, and for that moment he looked the criminal that he felt himself in every drop of his blood.

His uncle saw it. An awful wrath worked under the livid pallor of the man's face.

"Stand there, Alexander Wentworth!"—as he would hardly have shouted to a brute—"and tell me your crime."

And Alick Wentworth did. It was a short story—no need of many words. He held nothing back, from beginning to end—he hardly attempted any palliation of his crime. He stood there, with his sin and his shame upon him—he, the elegant Alick Wentworth, limp and nerveless, much like a convicted felon covered with guilt—and he made a clean breast of his crime. The use of Honora's money, the forgery of his uncle's name, and, at last, of Leander's. Ambrose Kittredge knew the whole story, just as you knew it before him.

The elder was not a man given to swift heats of passion, and no human being had ever beheld him wrought into such a fury of rage as he was to-night. His face was deadly white as he dragged himself up and down the room two or three times, and Leander stood leaning against the heavy table, such an embodiment of wreck and misery that it was dreadful to see him.

At last his uncle came up to him, his eyes glaring with a frenzy of wrath. He shook his clinched fist in his nephew's face.

"You scoundrel!—you thief!—you shall pay the penalty. I'll have you locked up in the State's Prison to-morrow!" he shouted.

I hardly think the cruel words hurt much then. The younger man had gone through with too much that night for any fresh anguish. He only looked with a dull kind of hopelessness in his eyes.

"I'm ready to go," he said simply enough; and again he murmured to himself—"I told you so, Hollis. It would have been better to let me die."

His uncle only caught the last words.

"I wish you had died. I curse you, Alexander Wentworth, to your face, for the shame and dishonor you have brought upon all our heads."

Do not blame the man too much. His rage measured the depth of his love and pride for his nephew, and in his frenzy he scarcely knew what he was saying; he who, amongst his fellow-men, was usually a model of dignity, composure, reticence. There is no use of trying to relate what passed between the uncle and nephew during the next fifteen minutes. The elder man had it all to himself, pouring out awful reproaches, scorn, and menace upon the other; the other, who made no defence, only standing still by the library table, with all that hopeless misery upon his face, looking up occasionally to meet the blaze in his uncle's eyes.

"And there was Honora, too. If no sense of honor, no feeling of guilt or shame could save you from your cowardly, infamous crime, one would have thought you might have felt some human pity for your sister. It will bow her head to the dust with grief and shame. Her brother a thief! It's time she should know it, sir."

"Yes, you may tell her;" the hard, listless, worn-out tone, as though it did not concern him.

Just then, if the officers had stood ready to convey him to prison, I do not think Alick Wentworth would have made one movement, or one plea to save himself; he would only have turned and gone out quietly.

"It's time she should know it, I say. The world will have to learn it all to-morrow, for I want you to feel, you scoundrel, that neither your honorable old name, nor your family credit will save you. I suppose you'd counted on all that with me, and expected I'd be a soft fool that you could move to pity and forgiveness when the worst came. But you'll find I'm granite this time, sir; and yet to think I'd loved and trusted you as my own life, Alick Wentworth"—a sharp pain breaking up into the glare of his eyes, into the frenzy of his voice, too, that went to Alick Wentworth's heart like a knife, and he groaned out sharply.

The two men had loved each other.

Then Mr. Kittredge left the room; his nephew knew well enough what he had gone for, and what was coming.

A fierce light shot suddenly into the sullen despair of his eyes, as though a new purpose took hold of him. He fumbled a moment at his breast. Then his hands dropped limp and nerveless at his side again.

"She took the pistol away," he said, in a tone of dreadful pathos. "I had forgot. It was cruel, Hollis."

A few moments later, Mr. Kittredge returned to the library, and there followed him his wife, and mother-in-law, and niece, their white, shocked, bewildered faces making a sharp contrast with their elegant dresses.

Honora went straight over to her brother. "Alick," she said—"Uncle Ambrose says you have been guilty of something—I cannot tell what. Speak out now, and say it is a lie."

He looked her in the face—the desperate anguish in his eyes.

"No, it is true, Honora."

"O my God! my God!" she shrieked out, and she did not take his name in vain then, for the earthquake had opened under her feet.

Even then her uncle did not spare her.

"He is a thief and a forger; he has earned a place in the State's Prison and a right to a felon's cell for the next ten years. Speak, and tell them if it is not all true!" sternly cried the man.

"Yes, it is true," answered the hollow, husky tones, but so distinctly that they all heard.

Mrs. Kittredge shuddered. She would have been less than woman if the heart under all her lace and jewels that night had not pitied the worn face, the wrecked, helpless figure, standing there by the library table, that only a few hours ago had been the graceful, elegant Alexander Wentworth.

"O Ambrose! my husband, be pitiful," the heart in her cried out.

"He had a mother once," sobbed Mrs. Sullivan, thinking of her own son. "Show him some mercy, Mr. Kittredge!"

At that name the man turned, and looked upon his mother-in-law. Those who saw the look could never forget it—never describe it, either.

Then he cried out sharply—"Elizabeth! Elizabeth!"

It was the name of his sister, and she had been Alexander and Honora's mother; and it had been the proudest, happiest hour of her brother's youth when he led her to the altar, and gave her away to be the bride of a Wentworth.

"Elizabeth's son a thief, a forger, a criminal!" he went over the words in a loud voice, strained by some inward horror, or pity, or both; and then, he was a plethoric man, and it probably would have happened some time, for the doctors had cautioned him against undue excitement, the man dropped heavily on the floor in a fit of apoplexy.

At that moment Leander Sullivan burst into the room.

What a scene it was to meet human eyes in the stately, well-ordered home of Ambrose Kittredge!—the pallid, frightened women, in their splendid dresses, the man struck down like the dead, in the midst of his awful passion; and Alick Wentworth, his face sharp and livid with horror, had just dropped down on the floor by his uncle's feet.

"I have murdered him! I meant it should be myself, Leander!" he cried out.

The dreadful night had passed away. The sun struggled up through ashy-gray columns of cloud, which fell into broken heaps, and the winds, worn out with a night of clamor and rage, dropped into low, repentant sighs and mutterings.

Through that awful time, Leander Sullivan and his mother had alone borne themselves with any calmness or command of circumstances. Indeed, this trouble seemed to bring out some latent strength and manliness in the fellow. He had taken matters into his own hands from the beginning, dispatching the coachman for a physician, and having one there in an incredibly short space of time.

Everybody, in the fright and bewilderment, yielded implicitly to his orders. He persuaded, or rather commanded, Mrs. Kittredge and Honora to leave the room. If the place of one at that hour was by her husband, and the other by her brother, we will not be hard on either of the women that they failed it at this time.

Each could be a fine, harmonious figure in the graces and splendors of life; but when it came to fronting some sudden tragedy of sin and grief, these women failed you—drew back affrighted and helpless. Leander Sullivan was not long in ascertaining that his brother-in-law was not dead, as they had at first feared.

When Alick Wentworth learned that fact, he had staggered to his feet, with such a look in his sharp, haggard face, that, catching sight of it, Mrs. Sullivan actually burst into tears.

She went up to him, and put her arm around his neck. His own mother could not have done it more tenderly.

"Come with me, Alick," she said; and he looked in her face, and went without a word, groping his way up the stairs, and once or twice the lady had to put out her hand to steady him; with a vague wonder in her heart whether any woman would do as much for Leander if he were in Alexander Wentworth's case, and a sudden swell of wrath against his sister, that she could leave her brother in his awful need—poor Honora! who, all doubled

up on a lounge in Mrs. Kittredge's room, was shivering and sobbing to herself, and fancying nobody needed help so much as she did.

He was obedient as a child when they reached Mrs. Sullivan's room, who made him sit down there in the easy-chair where it was warmest. He did not speak to her, but he seemed so crushed, and utterly broken down, that she put her hand on his hair—his soft, glowing, chestnut hair, that he had been so proud of a little while ago, and that women had praised and envied. "Poor Alick! I'm very sorry for you," she said.

She had always called him Mr. Wentworth before.

He looked up at her again, with a bewildered, wistful look. How utterly desolate he seemed. One of her tears fell upon his fingers. He stared at that curiously, too. She was afraid his reason would utterly break down under this strain.

"Shall I send Honora to you?"

He shook his head—"She can do me no good. Poor Honora!"

Mrs. Sullivan thought he uttered the truth. If Honora Wentworth could have done her brother any good, she would have been with him before this.

Still, the woman made one effort. After she had drawn a promise from young Wentworth that he would not leave the room, she left him alone in his misery and desolation, and went straight to his sister. "Honora," she said, "you are Alick's sister. I think, of all the world, you are the one to go to him now. I think, in his despair and wretchedness, you might say some words to him that would comfort and help him. He needs you."

"Oh! I can't go to him," said Honora, sobbing and wringing her hands. "He don't seem like my brother any more. Just think of all the disgrace and misery he has brought upon me. I don't want to see him."

Some words of scorn and indignation rose to Mrs. Sullivan's lips, but she held them back, looking at the poor, sobbing creature there, and went down-stairs and took her place by Leander's side at the couch of her son-in-law. In a little while Mrs. Kittredge crawled in also, and sat down in a chair by the bed, but the doctor soon sent her up-stairs again.

"My dear madam, you are not fit to be here," he said.

Not long after dawn, the sick man opened his eyes, and began, in a little while, to babble in a touching, half-coherent way, about Elizabeth, and the old home behind the sugar-maple grove, with confused talk about the proud, happy

bridal days, and of what the world would say at her marrying a Wentworth.

Elizabeth Kittredge's betrothal must have been, long ago, to her family, very much what Agnes Deering's was to hers. Mrs. Sullivan thought of that more than once, standing by that bedside.

But the talk was most touching when Mr. Kittredge came to speak of Elizabeth's boy. The scenes of the last night had left some bewildered trouble in the man's brain, and with all his confused chronology, a sense of something that had gone wrong with his nephew clung to Ambrose Kittredge. He called on Alick, "Elizabeth's boy," in heart-rending tones. He insisted that no harm should come near him—the anxiety, the tenderness, the trouble over Alick hovering with touching pathos through all the incoherent, half-raving talk.

At last, but that was long after daylight, the man fell asleep.

"He will probably be conscious and better when he awakes, but he must be spared the least agitation," said the physician, warningly.

Mrs. Sullivan touched her son's arm—"Have you learned about poor Alick, Leander?" she asked.

"No, mother, only I'm satisfied he is in some great trouble, whatever it is. I had rather hear it from his own lips."

"You had better go and ask him now, my son. It is necessary you should know, only"—using Hollis Deering's very words—"be merciful to him, Alexander."

(To be continued.)

THE OPAL.—When the fiery opal is examined, it appears to emit flashes of crimson, green or blue light, according to the angle of the incident ray, and the relation of the observer and the opal. These flashes proceed from planes or surfaces of irregular dimensions, inside of the stone, and at different depths from the surface and at all angles to one another. Occasionally a plane emitting light of one color overlaps a plane of another, the two colors being alternately visible upon slight variations of angle in the stone; and sometimes a plane will be seen which emits crimson light at one end, changing to orange, yellow, green, until the other end shines with blue light, the whole furnishing a wonderfully beautiful solar spectrum in miniature. The colors are not due to any pigment, but are interference colors, caused by minute striæ or fissures lying in different planes. By turning the opal, and observing it from different directions, it is generally possible to get a position from which it shows no color at all.

A COLLEGE ANECDOTE.

A PARTY of college students, ripe for mischief, laid a plan to draw their Professor's carriage into the woods at night, and there leave it. But some one among the students, who knew the design, had scruples in regard to it, and quietly gave the Doctor a hint that it might be well for him to lock the door of his carriage-house. The Doctor, however, did no such thing; but about ten in the evening settled himself comfortably (a stout, heavy man) in the carriage. He did not have to wait long. The young men came, and as agreed, drew the vehicle into a dense piece of wood. They were quiet at first, but when out of hearing of any one on the college grounds, they grew mirthful and excited, talking jocosely, and calling one another by name. They turned to go home, having agreed that "the carriage was heavy enough to have the old Doctor and all his tribe in it." When said the Doctor courteously, putting his head out of the window—"Young gentlemen, you brought me here for *your* pleasure; be so kind as to carry me back for *mine*."

What a "change" had "come o'er the spirit of their dream!" In silence and consternation, they retraced their way, restored the carriage to its place, and went to their rooms. Probably the morrow's dread account haunted their sleep. But the kind-hearted (and fun-loving) Doctor never called the heroes of that night to account, enjoyed the joke immensely, and had no more trouble about his carriage.

A MAN in the dress of a workman was lately walking in the streets of Berlin with a packet in his hand, sealed and inscribed with an address, and a note that it contained one hundred thalers in treasury bills. As the bearer appeared to be at a loss, he was accosted by a passenger, who asked him what he was looking for. The simple countryman placed the packet in the inquirer's hands, and requested that he would read the address. The reply was made as with an agreeable surprise—"Why, this letter is for me! I have been expecting it for a long while!" The messenger, upon this, demanded ten thalers for the carriage of the packet, which were readily paid, with a liberal addition to the porter. The new possessor of the packet hastened to an obscure corner to examine his prize; but, on breaking the seal, found nothing but a few sheets of paper, on which was written—"Done!"

MRS. ALLISON'S COSMETIC.

A WEARY, troubled-looking lady presided over a nicely prepared breakfast in a warm, sunny dining-room of a handsome dwelling.

"If mother was not looking so tired, we should say that we had been great gainers by changing cooks," said Alfred.

"Yes, indeed," said father. "We haven't seen such feathery cakes as these for many a morning, nor such a nicely broiled steak."

The face brightened considerably as mother listened to the praises on all sides, but the old perplexity remained deep in the heart still.

"Four girls in as many months is really enough to try Job's patience. I really think that each succeeding one was worse than the one before her."

"They average pretty well," said Mr. Allison. "The last girl sent us everything turned to a crisp, and the one before her had everything underdone."

"It is some comfort to think that no one girl concentrates all the bad points into one. I find untidiness to be the great specialty of this last one. If it were not for the amount of extra work I have had to do this morning, I should not feel nearly as tired. Indeed, I have seriously considered the question of doing my own work for a while, and see how I make out. Only one matter troubles me—that is the washing and ironing; and I have not strength for that. If we could only put it out of the house, as is done in European countries, and have it come back all in nice order, the labor of housekeeping would be cut down one half. When my housekeeping was once reduced to my own system, I should have little difficulty in preparing our meals and clearing them away. All the chamber-work Lina and I do now."

"I fear it would be too hard for you," remarked Mr. Allison.

"I hardly think it could wear on me worse than my present vexations. The physician has always ordered 'more exercise' for me."

"O mother! I will help you all I can if we can only get on without a cross Margaret or Bridget in the kitchen," said little Caroline, who was just ten years old in May.

"And I, too," said Alfred. "I am tired enough of the despotism below-stairs. I will get up and make the fires every morning."

"That would be a great help," said mother.

"And I know, if my boy undertakes it, he will carry it out."

"But the washing and ironing is the trouble," said mother.

"If you are seriously determined to undertake such an enterprise," said father, "I know of a poor woman who would rejoice to undertake the washing. She is the wife of that poor porter who broke his leg the other day. They live just back of my warehouse. She can't leave her baby to go out to wash, and would like very much to take it in. It would be a real charity to employ her."

The washing went to poor Nora, and mother and the children undertook the housekeeping. After a few days the wheels were all put into orderly motion, and the family machinery moved on with delightful regularity. Oh! the comfort there is in a well-ordered home!

Now there was no anxiety about the week's washing and ironing. There seemed to be no great break in the week, as there used to be when it was done in the house. Instead of losing her health, mother's pale cheeks had won back their old-time roses. The doctor was never needed now, and the delicate little Lina was never before in such blooming health. Alfred was growing more considerate and thoughtful about the house, and it was generally decided that the happiness stock of the household was more than doubled.

With children old enough to be useful, and no little one demanding constant care, such an experiment can often be tried with great profit. There are many delicate, pale-cheeked ladies who could win back their roses, too, by discharging a servant and taking her place.

Abundant, healthful labor is the most beautiful of all cosmetics.

OLD LEGEND.—There is a beautiful legend illustrating the blessedness of performing our duty, at whatever cost to our own inclinations. A beautiful vision of our Saviour had appeared to a monk, and in silent bliss he was gazing upon it. The hour arrived at which it was his duty to feed the poor of the convent. He lingered not in his cell to enjoy the vision, but left to perform his humble duty. When he returned he found the blessed vision still waiting for him, and uttering these words: "Hadst thou stayed, I must have fled."

MOTHERS' DEPARTMENT.

MY PICTURE.

BY PARA.

IN my sitting-room hangs a picture—a picture nothing on earth would buy from me. Not because of its costly value—no work of an “old master” is it, but only the portrait of a sunny-haired, earnest-eyed little baby girl. But the baby girl’s *real* self we never see *now*.

One beautiful summer night, a few years ago, she closed her eyes, and when she opened them, it was in Heaven she found herself. And we have no more the sound of a merry voice, or the patter of little feet about the house. There is no little girl following me about the house now—no little girl to meet “papa” as he comes home at night—no little white-robed form kneeling by the crib, lisping “Now I lay me.” So we have hung the picture of our darling where we can see it oftenest—right opposite the hall door. When I throw open the door, as I come in from the street, the little earnest, still face is the first thing my eyes rest on. As I pass to and fro about my work, I need but turn my head to see the sweet face; and, like the presence of an “Angel in the House,” the little picture does its good work.

I will tell you some of its good deeds. I come home from a walk tired and fretted. Perhaps the friend on whom I have called has shown me her new dress, or her parlors are new furnished. *She* has bought the picture *I* saw at the Gallery the other day, and could not buy because of the leanness of my purse. And I wonder, as I walk home, why it is that *I* must be called on always to deny myself. I love fine pictures, pretty furniture and soft raiment as well as my neighbor, and say (a little bitterly) to myself, I can appreciate the beautiful better than she.

I conclude I am an ill-used woman—never can have things I want, and wonder why it is so. I open the door of my room—the afternoon sun shines on my darling’s pictured face. I think I have one thing money cannot buy. Then I wonder if angels *do* see us here on earth—and a pang goes through my heart as I think how unlovely my heart must look to angel eyes. I say I won’t murmur again, for it is only a few years more of patient waiting here, and then I, too, will behold the “Glory of the Lamb.” And a little prayer goes up from my heart—“Make me contented.” Better thoughts fill my mind now, and I feel God’s peace coming to me.

Another day, maybe, husband forgets the errand I wished done so much, and the consequence is, work all goes wrong for the day. Wanting one particular article makes everything out of place. I think, how could he be so careless, so forgetful,

when he knew how much I needed the errand done; and I begin to upbraid him with bitter words—but my eye catches the little face looking from the wall at me. I can’t blame my *baby’s* father, and the stinging words are not spoken—and forgiveness asked for the cross tone.

And baby’s father—I can see *his* eyes turn towards the little face every time he comes in. A still, reserved man—seldom speaking his thoughts; but *I know* how the picture influences him, too. And so we feel as though we had an “Angel in the house.”

Will any one tell me it is *not so*? Mothers, whose little ones are lying under tiny mounds, will not.

Like the good Catholic, who, in his wooden cross, sees only a reminder of his Saviour—so we, in the portrait we prize so well, see only this—angel eyes watching us—an angel waiting on the “other shore” for us. And so we try to walk undefiled—try to keep our garments spotless and ourselves “pure in heart.”

Are we not better for our belief? And, mothers—you whose little ones are with you, whose living voices you hear, whose little hands cling to yours—would it not be well if you, too, remembered how the childish eyes watch you—how the voices mimic your tones—how the little hearts are grieved when “mother’s cross.” And you, too, remember, “for the children’s sake,” to keep “unspotted from the world.”

MOTHERHOOD.

BY CELESTE M. A. WINSLOW.

IN the dim night I wake with sudden shock,
And a vague doubt
Startles my dreamy soul like Death’s dread knock,
To fright love out.
Was it no truth, that anguish-walled abyss
Leading to bliss?

A stir, a nestle, and a dove-voiced moan,
Gives wings to pain;
A rush of love, at sound of that dear tone,
Floods heart and brain.
Ah! no—not cheated of my motherhood,
Earth’s sweetest good!

Soft cheeks and brow, ‘neath kisses, prove me blest,
And dewy lips
Cling satisfied to the loved mother-breast,
By finger lips
Dimpled with precious feebleness of touch:
Yea, Lord!—“of such.”

The upturned eyes, with grateful, misty light,
Droop, lidded fair;
Sleep comes and finds me stilled with new delight,
And a new prayer,
That, undivided, we may live or die,
My babe and I.

BOYS' AND GIRLS' TREASURY.

REBECCA AND HER PLAYMATES.

BY MAY LEONARD.

LESSER good Lord, wish it was me
L Feedin' on de milk an' de honey an' de wine!
Lesser good Lord, wish it was me
Born by de blood ob de Lamb!"

This was the song that burst from the lips of little Rebecca as she dressed, one bright sunny morning. The air was very sweet, and she sang it as sweetly and gayly as a lark might have done.

Rebecca's home is one small crowded room, in which live her "grammor," Rebecca, her two little brothers and an old "aunty," who is "no kin" but was once a fellow servant with the grandmother. It is also the home of the children's parents, both of whom are "at service," whenever either is sick or out of employment. Now don't despise this little girl when I tell you that her skin is black, and her head covered with wool, for she is bright and full of life, and in very many ways quite like the young readers of this "Treasury."

So very full of laughter is she, that the least touch shakes a ripple of it through her shining teeth. She is handsome, too; her beautiful, dark eyes, and innocent, childish face, and pretty ways would charm the most stony-hearted.

"May I put on my bes' frock, grammor?" she asks.

"You'se got to tote dat bucket ob water first, ehile."

"I'se done toted it."

"Den hol' dis yere pickaninny while I attens to de kettle bilin'."

"What school is us gwine to?"

"Miss Mattie's, o'course, an' mine you don' let Coydon lose her primer or tear her new jacket."

"Pears like her was a big nuff boy to take ear ob she's self, but I'll make her mine; ef I kent, Miss Mattie ken."

(It is a peculiarity of the colored people that boys are spoken of as "she" and girls as "he.")

This was the first day of the children's going to school, and they were very eager to begin their lessons, and see what the new teacher would be like.

"What name is you gwine to gib de teacher?" asked Coydon, as they drew near the school-room, which was a large church.

"Dun no. Reckon I'll say Chloe Bugg—aunty knowed a little yeller gel once named dat."

"Tell her mine is Hannibal Cesar."

And so the two were enrolled.

Miss Mattie could not at once remember one hundred and sixty new names.

One day she found "Hannibal Cesar" sticking a pin into his next neighbor.

"What is your name?" she asked.

"Coyden Denfield."

"That name is not on my roll."

"No missis—sister tole you Hannibal."

"And now what is *your* name?" the perplexed teacher asked Rebecca.

"Rowena Green, missis."

"Why did you give me a different name?"

"Thought 'twas prettier."

"Now I must know your *real* name. Whom do you live with?"

"My grammor."

"And her name is—?"

"Betsy Walker."

"Then you are Rowena Walker?"

"No, missis, my *real* name is Rebecca Denfield."

And so it proved to be.

Rebecca gave Coydon's age as "two months," and said of herself, "I spees I'se a hundred."

Poor children, they know no better; they thought a name might as readily be changed as any article of dress.

I ~~am~~ very much afraid that they and their playmates would seem to you like heathen, for they tell—let us use the good old simple term—*lies* easier than truth, they steal whenever they have opportunity, they fight terribly among themselves, and use very bad words.

O dear! how shocking it looks written out in black and white! But this is a *true* story, written not so much for the amusement of my young readers, as in the hope of interesting them in their little colored brothers and sisters whose case is so sad.

They live crowded together in miserable huts, where the rain pours through the roof, and the winds whistle in at every crack. They eat raw potatoes and the poorest food, and have a scant supply of even that. They wear old, cast-off clothing, ill-fitting and ragged.

Rebecca's "bes' frock" is a coarse gingham, and with her thin cape is not enough to keep off the pinches of Jack Frost; for Jack visits even Rebecca's Southern home.

One of her playmates wraps herself in a scarlet table-cover, another wears a great meal-bag over his shoulders, which he dignifies by the name of a "mantle."

These children use such queer phrases, you would scarcely understand what they say. When offering to carry the teacher's satchel, one said—"Let me tote yer plunder." Rebecca reported her aunty as very serious, "She never *cracks* a smile."

"De Norf" they consider a sort of "Heaven below." They never weary of listening with open eyes and mouth to stories about skating, coasting, snow-balling and all the sports to which Northern children are accustomed, but of which they know

so little. "I reckon dat ar Norf's a mighty big place," they say.

Of a dull scholar they will tell you—"Pears like he has no sense; he can't learn, his head is so thick." And of a hard lesson—"I can't fetch him. De letters goes one way, an my head anudder."

When "Miss Mattie" first came South, in returning from school, she one day lost her way, and asked direction of a bright-eyed little colored girl.

"Lookin' for de Mission Home, missis? Jes you go along dis street two blocks, an turn *dat* way, an jis de firs' little pile yer come to, dat's whar de teachers stay."

If any one asks of these children, "Is your school large?" the answer is, "Yes; Miss Mattie has a right smart chance of scholars. Some of them live in Shakerag Street, and some in Pigtail Alley."

They are semi-heathen. They have been slaves—taught much evil and very little good. They were taught to sweep, dust, sew, wait on table, and run of errands; to step softly, speak gently, be humble, respectful and polite to any white person; to make an odd little shuffling salaam—half courtesy—whenever a white person addressed them.

I wish you could see little Rebecca or her brother do this. They bend the left knee, draw back the right foot, and "duck" the head simultaneously.

"Before freedom," as they say, their masters used to command them to "look happy" even after a beating.

Now their own parents beat them most cruelly, tying them down with ropes and whipping them until their tender flesh is torn and bleeding.

That seems almost too bad a story to tell children, but *it is true*, and what children suffer.

These colored boys and girls love to study, and they make rapid progress. In "slave times" they were not allowed to learn, and now they sit shivering in their great, cold churches, sick with chills, rather than go home, and so miss a recitation. To send them home with their lessons unrecited is a punishment that will make some pretty large boys, who are full of mischief, cry like a baby.

Now let me tell you about one day in Rebecca's life. The schools were to have a temperance meeting. The children were all dressed in their best—poor enough at that. Many wore upon the breast a shining star—a "bodge," they called it—which was to remind them that they had signed a solemn pledge against the use of strong drink, tobacco and bad words. They were to carry a gorgeous banner of scarlet merino, which bore a motto in glittering golden letters, and was adorned with white, streaming ribbons.

Of course, it was greatly admired. Little Rebecca was chosen to hold one ribbon, while Abraham Lincoln (!) was to be allowed the honor of holding the other.

The good "granmor" tucked Rebecca snugly into her bed, that she might wash and iron her one good frock, and very sweet and cunning she looked

in her neat gown and snowy apron, though they were but a poor protection against the winter's cold—and Rebecca and Coydon started off for school very happy.

They were true children, however, and thought every door-step and wood-pile by the way must be sealed, and every mud-puddle waded through, else where was the fun of walking out?

At the very last corner was a puddle, very black, very deep, and—alas! alas!—with a big stone in its midst. Rebecca's foot stumbled, and she fell head-long, splashed with black mud from top to toe. Her tears, though they fell fast, could not wash away the dirt, so she had to run home to get a whipping and be put to bed, where she spent all the sunny day, while her playmates marched with their beautiful banner.

It was hard, very hard, but a worse calamity befell her. Her grandmother washed the gown and hung it in the yard to dry; but while it was yet wet some wicked neighbor stole it, and "Nannie," their pet goat, dragged her old frock into the fire; so that, too, was gone, and Rebecca left without a single gown.

Poor child! That day and the next seemed very long, shut in their dark, crowded room; but there she had to stay till her grandmother could find time from her work to patch up some sort of a garment—not fit to be worn to school, but in which she might play about the yard.

She thought of her class reading, about "Kate Hart" and "Lee Gray" getting "head-marks" in their spelling class, four of which would earn some pretty little book. She wondered who was "head" to-day—Abraham Lincoln, Bunyan, Columbus, Handy, Gordiana, or perhaps the little girl named John Ann. She wondered what "Miss Mattie" would think of her. She wished she could hear the children singing, at recess, that sweet but dismal air, of which they were so fond:

"Put on de long white robe,
Put on de starry crown;
Go walk up an' down de golden streets,
From evry graveyard," &c.

And then she remembered that she would not be able to go to Sunday-school, where she was to have received a picture-paper and a little book as a reward for bringing in new scholars.

The more Rebecca thought of all that she had lost, the faster fell her tears; and in the midst of her distress the door swung noiselessly open, and in stepped her teacher.

"I thought I must look up my little girl. Is she sick?" she said.

Very quickly Miss Mattie learned the whole story. She said but little, and soon left, taking little Coydon to her home.

Coydon returned, carrying a bundle nearly as large as himself; and when it was opened, *were not* the children delighted?

There were nice new shirts for Coydon, and a

warm scarlet waist, a scarlet flannel gown for the baby, a neat print gown for Rebecca, some new apron stuff to make a woollen "frock" for the little girl's Sunday wear, stockings and under-clothing, stout and new—more things than I can mention—grandmother, Aunt Phebe, and all remembered, each blessed by the thoughtful care of the young ladies at "de Norf," whose fingers prepared a barrel of suitable clothing for the freedmen.

And now, as Rebecca is comfortably clothed and happy, we may, perhaps, bid her "good-by." Every day she is improving, growing good, I trust, as well as wise.

When the warm weather comes, a kind woman is to take her home and teach her to wash, iron, sweep, and work, for she must "earn her salt" as soon as she is large enough to do so. Probably she will always be a servant, but she is "free," and that is a greater blessing than any child can guess who has been "free-born."

Perhaps my story is growing tedious, but I will soon be done. I want the light-hearted, happy children who read these pages to remember the thousands of colored children who cannot tell the name of their country or President; who confound—not from impiety, but ignorance—the names of God and Abraham Lincoln; who say—the brightest among them—of their Testaments—"I know a little piece *here* and *here* (generally the second of Matthew and fourteenth of John), while all the rest is to them a sealed book.

Remember them when your mother says of any clothing, "It is too strong to throw away, but too old-fashioned to wear." They will be proud of clothes you despise.

Think of them when you have looked your picture-books and papers through, and are ready to let them rest untouched in your book-case. Colored children do not care for "old Almannes," church creeds, and musty pamphlets, but the very pictures that delight you throw them into ecstasies.

Think of them when you have a few spare pennies that may be wasted in sweetmeats, but might buy some little Rebecca a primer or a pair of shoes.

Think of them above all, dear children, at night, when you kneel by your bedside, and ask "Our Father" to bless them, so *needy*, poor, ignorant, lazy, wicked, hated, abused, with so *very much* against them in the battle of life—so little in their favor, except God's help.

THE LITTLE SLATE.

"THERE, I did mean to sew these buttons on Fred's jacket before night. I have thought of it just in time, for he must have it early in the morning. I do forget so many things I have to do," said Lucia Warren to good Aunt Patience, who was visiting her for a day or two. "You can

wait a few minutes for me, can't you, aunty? I will not be long;" and Lucia went to get her work, taking off her gloves, and throwing back her veil. It was troublesome to stop just as she was going out, but the work must be done. Indeed, it was nothing so very unusual, as Lucia seemed always forgetting things, as she said.

"I will tell you an excellent plan I have followed for years," said Aunt Patience. "It is that of keeping a little slate with a pencil attached, hung up in some convenient place, and noting down on it all the things I wish to do. If you like, we will buy such a slate while we are out, and I will get you started in the same system."

Lucia entered into the scheme with great enthusiasm, and that night saw one side of her little slate well-covered with items she wished to remember. She did not attempt to classify them, but noted them down in just the order she happened to think of them. Aunt Patience did not wish her to undertake too much at once. The classification would come afterwards. The other side of the slate had been reserved for to-morrow's duties. A regular plan was not laid down for the whole day, with the hours set to them; for aunty knew that no house-mother could bring all the rest of her household to time in such matters, even if she could herself. By undertaking too much, young housekeepers are often discouraged, and give up all efforts at systematizing. It was the ground-plan only of her work which was laid down, but it helped her wonderfully all through the day. It was such a satisfaction to draw a line through anything which had been completed; and then, by glancing her eye down the list, she was sure not to forget just the thing she ought most to remember.

In time, the little slate came to be regarded as one of the most useful articles of furniture about the house. It saved hours of time and dollars of waste, besides adding fully a third to the family comfort and convenience. If you are sceptical, hang up one in your own home, and consult it as Lucia did, and I do not doubt but you will arrive at a similar conclusion.

THE MAJORITY RULE AMONG CHILDREN.—A speech of a little French girl is reported by Mr. Legouve, of the Institute, which, as a youthful defiance of public opinion, is something at once peculiar and profound. The little girl had been naughty, and on being threatened by her preceptor that he would tell every one he knew of her misconduct, she said—"Very well, tell if you want to; I don't care. There are a great many people that you don't know, and they will never hear a word about it." The appeal here to the great majority seems to us far beyond the years of the little school girl, but what will Mrs. Grundy say to such flagrant insubordination?

EVENINGS WITH THE POETS.

"THINE EYES SHALL SEE THE KING IN HIS BEAUTY."

O SWEET, prophetic words! Still ringing clear,
Through all the centuries, from that elder year,
Wherever waiting hearts are hushed to hear!

Thine eyes shall see the King! O wondrous sight!
Thy weary eyes, astrain through all the night,
Watching for faintest gleam of longed-for light!

Thy sad eyes, memory touched with all regret;
Thy dim eyes, aching still with "life's small fret,"
Seeing as through a glass, most darkly yet!

Thy blind eyes, seeming even not at all,
Yet opening quickly, at the Master's call;
Glad, eager eyes, from which all weights shall fall.

O wondrous hour of vision! Long ago,
Hath wrapt Isaiah come thy joy to know;
That heavenly beauty, which he strove to show.

Archangels veil their faces, while they sing,
Before the awful splendor of their King.
Afraid to sweep such height, with ev'n angelic wing.

They long to know that mystery of grace,
Whereby the ransomed see Him face to face,
Nor fail, nor fear to fall from that high place.

They know not, even they, that tenderest tie,
By which he brings His chosen ones so nigh—
His cross, His blood, and Calvary's bitter cry.

O saddest, sweetest bond! And can it be,
That through His sorrow, joy shall come to me?
That thus His glorious beauty I shall see?

O Joy, too deep for aught but happy tears!
O Faith, that climbs a height beyond all fears!
O Hope, that crowns and gladdens all my years!

My heart repeats the promise o'er and o'er,
Though 'tis an "old, old story," heard before,
Yet with each dear repeating, loved the more.

Oh! for eyes for which such vision is in store,
Keep ye to all things pure, forever more,
Till ye shall close, beside Death's shadowed door.

Be lighted from within; by unseen Guest,
Send out warm rays of love to all distressed,
And lure them by your shining into rest.

So, in His beauty, shall ye see the King,
And to His eyes' sweet answer steadfast cling,
Nor fade, nor droop, o'ershadowed by His wing.

LOSSES.

BY FRANCES BROWN.

UPON the white sea-sand
There sat a pilgrim band,
Telling the losses that their lives had known,
While evening waned away
From breezy cliff and bay,
And the strong tides went out with weary moan.

One spake with quivering lip,
Of a fair freighted ship,
With all his household to the deep gone down;

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But one had wilder woe—
For a fair face, long ago,
Lost in the darker depths of a great town.

There were who mourned their youth
With a most loving ruth,
For its brave hopes and memories ever green,
And one upon the West
Turned an eye that would not rest
For far-off hills whereon its joys had been.

Some talked of vanished gold,
Some of proud honors told,
Some spake of friends who were their trust no more,
And one of a green grave
Beside a foreign wave,
That made him sit so lonely on the shore.

But when their tales were done,
There spake among them one,
A stranger, seeming from all sorrow free:
"Sad losses ye have met,
But mine is heavier yet,
For a believing heart is gone from me."

"Alas," these pilgrims said,
"For the living and the dead—
For fortune's cruelty, for love's sure cross,
For the wrecks of land and sea!
But, however it came to thee,
Thine, stranger, is life's last and heaviest loss."

THE BROOK.

BY ROBERT BUCHANAN

O H! sweet and still around the hill
Thy silver waters, Brook, are creeping;
Beneath the hill as sweet and still
Thy weary friend lies sleeping.

A laurel leaf is in his hair,
His eyes are closed to human seeming,
And surely he has dreams most fair,
If he, indeed, be dreaming.

O Brook! he smiled, a happy child,
Upon thy banks, and loved thy crying,
And, as time flew, thy murmur grew
A trouble purifying;

Till, last, thy laurel leaf he took,
Dream-eyed and tearful, like a woman,
And turned thy haunting cry, O Brook!
To speech divine and human.

O Brook! in song full sweet and strong
He sang of thee he loved so dearly;
Then softly creep around his sleep,
And murmur to him cheerily;
For though he knows nor fret nor fear,
Though life no more slips strangely through him,
Yet he may sleep more sound to hear
His friend so close unto him.

And when at last the sleepers cast
Their swathes aside, and, wondering, waken,
Let thy friend be full "tenderlie"
In silver arms uptaken.
Him be it then thy task to bear
Up to the Footstool, softly flowing—
Smiles on his eyes, and in his hair
Thy leaf of laurel blowing!

"IF."

IF, sitting with this little, worn-out shoe,
And scarlet stocking lying on my knee,
I knew the little feet had patted through
The pearl-set gates that lie 'twixt Heaven and me,
I could be reconciled and happy, too,
And look with glad eyes towards the Jasper Sea.

If, in the morning, when the song of birds
Reminds me of a music far more sweet,
I listen for his pretty, broken words,
And for the music of his dimpled feet,
I could be almost happy, though I heard
No answer, and but saw his vacant seat.

I could be glad if, when the day is done,
And all its cares and heartaches laid away,
I could look westward to the hidden sun,
And, with a heart full of sweet yearnings, say—
"To night I'm nearer to my little one
By just the travel of one earthly day."

If I could know those little feet were shod
In sandals wrought of light in better lands,
And that the foot-prints of a tender God
Ran side by side with his, in golden sands,
I could bow cheerfully and kiss the rod,
Since Benny was in wiser, safer hands.

If he were dead, I would not sit to-day
And stain with tears the wee sock on my knee;
I would not kiss the tiny shoe and say—
"Bring back again my little boy to me!"
I would be patient, knowing 'twas God's way.

But oh! to know the feet, once pure and white,
The haunts of vice had boldly ventured in!
The hands that should have battled for the right
Have been wrung crimson in the clasp of sin!
And should he knock at Heaven's gate to-night,
To fear my boy could hardly enter in!

REUNION IN HEAVEN.

BY WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

HOW shall I know thee, in the sphere that keeps
The disembodied spirits of the dead—
Where all of thee that time could wither sleeps
And perishes among the dust we tread?

For I shall feel the sting of ceaseless pain,
If there I meet thy gentle presence not,
Nor hear the voice I love, nor read again
In thy serenest eyes the tender thought.

Will not thy own meek heart demand me there—
That heart whose fondest throbs to me were given?
My name, on earth, was ever in thy prayer;
Shall it be banished from thy tongue in Heaven?

In meadows fanned by Heaven's life-breathing wind,
In the resplendence of that glorious sphere,
And larger movements of the unfettered mind,
Wilt thou forget the love that joined us here?

The love that lived through all the stormy past,
And meekly with my harsher nature bore,
And deeper grew, and tenderer to the last—
Shall it expire with life, and be no more?

GROWING OLD.

BY MATTHEW ARNOLD.

WHAT is it to grow old?
Is it to lose the glory of the form,
The lustre of the eye?
Is it for beauty to forego her wreath?
Yes, but not this alone.

Is it to feel our strength—
Not our bloom only, but our strength—decay?
Is it to feel each limb
Grow stiffer, every function less exact,
Each nerve more weakly strung?

Yes, this, and more! but not—
Ah! 'tis not what in youth we dreamed 'twould be!
'Tis not to have our life
Mellowed and softened as with sunset glow,
A golden day's decline.

'Tis not to see the world
As from a height, with rapt, prophetic eyes
And heart profoundly stirred;
And weep, and feel the fullness of the past,
The years that are no more!

It is to spend long days
And not once feel that we were ever young;
It is to add, immured
In the hot prison of the present, month
To month with weary pain.

It is to suffer this,
And feel but half, and feebly, what we feel.
Deep in our hidden heart
Festers the dull remembrance of a change,
But no emotion—none.

It is—last stage of all—
When we are frozen up within, and quite
The phantom of ourselves,
To hear the world applaud the hollow ghost
Which blamed the living man.

GOD'S FLOWERS.

LOOK up, sweet wife, through happy tears,
And see our tiny buds ablow,
With yearning souls they strive to show,
And burst the tender green of years.

So sweet they hang upon life's stem,
Their beauty stills our very breath,
As, thinking of the spoiler, Death,
We bend in silence over them.

And she, our latest blossom given,
That scarce hath lost the dimple touch,
Of God's own fingers, and, as such,
Still pulses to the throb of Heaven.

Ah! how for her our hearts will peer,
And look, with faith, through swimming eyes,
For balmy winds and summer skies,
And tremble when a cloud is near!

Dear flowers of God! how much we owe
To what you give us, all unsought—
The grandeur and the glory caught
From hills where truth and wisdom grow!

THE HOME CIRCLE.

EDITED BY A LADY.

WAITING.

THE following piece of poetry will, we think, find an echo in the heart of every mother who has seen her darling pass to the further side of the "crystal sea":

I have two little angels waiting for me
On the beautiful banks of the crystal sea;
Not impatiently wait my darlings there,
For smiles light up their brows so fair;
And their little harps ring out so clear,
So soothingly sweet to faith's listening ear,
And they live in the smile of the Saviour's love,
Who so early called my darlings above.

I have two little angels waiting for me
On the beautiful banks of the crystal sea;
Forever free from sorrow and pain,
Spotless and pure from all earthly stain;
Never in erring paths to rove,—
Safe in the bosom of Infinite love,—
Evermore, evermore walking in light,
These beautiful angels robed in white.

I have two little angels waiting for me
On the beautiful banks of the crystal sea;
When my weary heart is throbbing with pain,
And I fain would clasp my darlings again,
I'll look away from this earthly strand
To the beautiful fields of the "Better Land;"
I will think of the angels waiting there,
And offer to God a thankful prayer.

I have two little angels to welcome me
When I too shall stand by the crystal sea;
When the Great Refiner His image may trace
In the heart He has won by His saving grace,
And in robes of Christ's own righteousness drest,
My soul shall seek the home of the blest,—
On the beautiful banks of the crystal sea
My darlings, still waiting, shall welcome me.

CO-OPERATIVE HOUSEKEEPING.

FROM co-operative factories and stores, it is but a step to co-operative housekeeping. It is only bridging the gulf which separates men's work from women's, and applying to the latter the same rules which regulate the former. Yet co-operation in women's work has, in this country, been the last to be thought of, and, we fear, will be the slowest to bring about.

The nearest approach to co-operative housekeeping has been made in certain socialistic communities, some of which, from grave faults in their construction, were deservedly unsuccessful; while others, of which the communities of Shakers are examples, seem to stand the test of time, in a measure, at least, and, by the fact of their continued

existence, give evidence of the practicability of the measure. But these communities, the successful and unsuccessful alike, are based on a common division of property, as well as of labor, while they destroy more or less the privacy of the family, even when they do not ignore family ties altogether.

But the co-operative housekeeping which is now proposed has an entirely different basis from any of these. Its plan is, that the sacredness of the family circle shall remain inviolate, while the drudgery now performed single-handed by the mistress of the household, will, by a judicious systematizing and continuation of efforts, be less onerous, if it be not altogether removed.

There are numerous difficulties in the way, some of which have been already foreseen, while others are still comparatively overlooked. We believe, while it cannot be denied that many women are now overworked, and that such an arrangement, or one bringing about similar results, is greatly needed, there are serious doubts about its practicability in too many cases. With those whose means are abundant it can make no difference. Not even Mrs. Pierce, the advocate of the scheme, is at all sanguine of its economic results, and believes that in the increased ease it will bring to women, the added health, and enlarged opportunities for improvement, its main recommendation lies. She says:

"I do not wish to lay too much stress on the *economy* of a co-operative kitchen, since we do not certainly know what proportion it will save, or whether it will *save anything at all*; I would rather inspire you with faith in its superior comfort, convenience and perfection."

To the wife of the laboring man, of the man of limited means, or of the man who, lavish in his personal indulgences, at the same time doles out grudgingly the barest limit of means for household expenses, we fear the co-operative kitchen will become a Utopia, existing nowhere for her, in all its fairness, save in the imagination. The reason is this, that women whom necessity or the selfishness of husbands has provided with but a limited income, have to descend to many little make-shifts, many almost puerile practices of economy, that both ends may meet respectably. If a woman thus situated can make two pounds of butter do in the place of three, there is a clear saving of sixty or seventy-five cents, according to the state of the market. If, by buying an inferior quality of fruit or vegetables, she has a small surplus of money, there is something added to the amount to be expended at the butcher's stall. If she can do with a pound or two less of sugar a week than convenience would dictate, there is so much the more

means to meet some really indispensable want. These are pitiful, sometimes almost doubtful, ways of economizing; and the woman is heroic or sordid, according as necessity may or may not require them of her.

But all these things must be dispensed with in the co-operative system. If Mrs. A. likes a plentiful supply of butter on her steak and in her tomatoes, Mrs. B. must submit to have hers prepared in the same manner. If Mrs. C.'s cake is made in strict accordance with the receipt, Mrs. D. cannot have half a cup of sugar and one of the eggs omitted from her loaf. We repeat, that these are pitiful, almost contemptible, ways of saving, and thus they will appear in the eyes of the lords of creation, many of whom, however, are accustomed to look with satisfaction upon the results secured by counting up at the end of the year, not in pennies, but in tens, it may be hundreds of dollars. A woman cannot earn; it is only left for her to save.

We see none of this spirit of economy pervading the establishments where men are the ruling powers. Yet we do not believe that men are, by nature, less given to these trivialities than women. It may be accounted for simply on the ground that a man knows his time is of value—that the time spent in looking after such matters can be employed to more profit otherwise. And before co-operative housekeeping can be made a success, we believe women must be brought to see matters in the same light. Professional women—artists, writers and the like, are already prepared for the movement, and will be only too glad to find themselves relieved of a burden that bears heavily on other duties, yet which must be borne so long as the comfort of the family cannot be otherwise secured.

But the ordinary housekeeper, the one who has made cooking and washing her vocation, or, at least, has been accustomed to the ordering of servants in these departments, will, for a time, under the new regime, find herself at a loss for something to take its place. When the mother and her daughters have no longer the drudgery of the kitchen to oppress them, let them turn to their needles and sewing machines, and in the performance of the family sewing, save the heavy bills of seamstresses and dressmakers, and as they do this, try to stifle all misgivings about the few extra dollars their exemption from servile labor may cost them. Let mothers who are blessed with the faculty of teaching, devote more time to the education of their sons and daughters, instead of trusting them to the doubtful advantages of boarding-schools.

Farther than this, it will allow many women whose gifts are of a higher order than common, but who have heretofore considered any exercise of those gifts as treason towards their family, to which all their time belonged, to devote an extended leisure in the pursuits of art and literature as pro-

fessions, and the cry—"Who will do the cooking and wash the dishes?" will be effectually stifled.

There will then be little to prevent a woman from engaging in business pursuits—she might even be spared from home long enough to vote—without fear of the dinner spoiling.

There are numberless ways—by saving in other departments, or by earning a separate income, that the five dollars per week possibly extra expense will dwindle down into insignificance.

But we fear this is a long look ahead into the good time coming. Women must be taught to see and understand these things; and it may take a generation—possibly two—to bring matters into a desirable form. There are prejudices to overcome, and, in fact, the whole present domestic system to be overthrown. We believe in this co-operative plan lies the whole hope for the future of women, if they wish it to be nobler and grander than the present. But those who are looking forward to easy accomplishment, are, we fear, to be disappointed. We only hope they may not be too easily discouraged; and that a single failure, or even a succession of failures, will not utterly dishearten them. Too many women, and men, too, will see the difficulties in the path, and will not have the foresight to look beyond them, the faith and courage to attempt their vanquishment.

Meanwhile, the plan is about to be carried into actual practice, in Cambridge, Mass. We would like to copy Mrs. Pierce's address on the subject, or at least extract from it, but want of space forbids. The following is a synopsis of it, with introductory remarks, which we cut from the *Independent*:

"Many of our readers may have read several able articles on Co-operative Housekeeping, published during last winter in the *Atlantic*; from these a movement has originated which proposes to organize a store-room, a kitchen, a bakery and a laundry. By the store-room, it will save the profits now made by the retail dealers; by the kitchen and bakery, it will not only save the wastefulness of irresponsible and indifferent help, and a part of the wages of high-priced cooks, but provide better-cooked food and bread for the tables of its members; the laundry will remove that opprobrium of American housekeeping, the washing, with all of its trials and vexations, from the family.

"The originators of the movement have published an address delivered by Mrs. Charles P. Pierce, which sets forth the plan of the campaign in behalf of freedom and efficiency in the household, and the advantages which are expected to follow their strategic operations against the race of domestic servants. A building is to be built which, with the land and fixtures for the kitchen and laundry, and a cart and horse, will cost about \$8000. To raise this sum it is proposed to secure—one hundred subscribers to the co-operative *Store-room*, at \$25 each; fifty subscribers to the *Laundry*, at \$50 each; fifty subscribers to the *Bakery*, at \$24; twenty-five daring spirits to the kitchen and bakery together, at \$100 each; in all, \$8700.00. On this capital legal interest will be paid to each subscriber. The business will be managed by subscrib-

ing housekeepers, subject—hear it, ye advocates of woman's rights—to the half-yearly supervision and approval of their husbands. When fairly in operation, the kitchen is expected to save about \$10 to each family in fuel and wages, besides the trouble of servants, and the care involved in having the cooking done at home. Better, and a larger variety of cooked food will be furnished than is now to be seen on the tables of ordinary American families. The bakery will send out homemade and French bread, biscuit, white, brown and Indian bread, wafers, cake and pies of every description. The Association will can its own fruits and vegetables, make all kinds of preserves and pickles, corn its own beef, cure its own hams; in a word, do all that is required to satisfy the cultivated appetites of the best regulated families. The laundry will “do” clothes at not more than twenty-five cents a dozen. The meals will be sent round hot, in a box made of wood and lined with felt, called a “Norwegian kitchen,” which keeps the food hot for hours. The Association think their kitchen may also be used as a training-school in housewifery for young ladies, an advantage which will be appreciated by those unhappy husbands who have been victims for years of their wives' experiments and failures in the pursuit of the knowledge of cooking.”

THE HANDY MAN.

We find the following, from the pen of Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe, in a recent number of that excellent agricultural and family journal, *Hearth and Home*:

“A handy man is so practised in the regulation of the little utilities of the house he inhabits, that by a slight touch here and there—a screw turned here and a screw loosened there, and a nail driven in time—he keeps all working smoothly, and averts those domestic catastrophes and break-downs of which *Punch* makes so much capital in his pictures.

“The handy man knows how to use every sort of tool that keeps his house in order. They are all neatly arranged, in his own private drawer, sacred from the meddling of children and the borrowing of the careless. Is a pane of glass shattered on a cold day, the unhandy man first stuffs it with a bundle, or pastes it over with newspaper, and then rushes to the glazier's, who, of course, is not at home, or who says he will come and mend it immediately, and doesn't come—meanwhile the wind blowing in gives the baby the croup, and the mother a severe cold.

“The handy man, on the contrary, has his diamond, his measuring-rule, his putty, all in readiness at a moment's notice, and the replacing of the pane of glass is an affair of a quarter of an hour, before he goes to his office or store.

“There springs a leak in the joint of a hot-water pipe. The handy man has his soldering-tools and kettle, and it is stopped in a moment, while the unhandy man is running up-town after a plumber.

“The handy man has small bills to pay to any kind of mechanic, for he stops every leak in its

commencement, and replaces every screw the moment it is loose.

“A piece of veneering starts on the sideboard door. The handy man has an invisible brad of precisely the size to drive in this place—it is done in a moment. The unhandy man sees the crack widening day by day, in imbecile despair. Finally, the moulding falls off, and leaves a long, unsightly seam.

“There is one loose screw in one of the hinges of the wardrobe-door—the door will not shut, the difficulty increases day by day, until the whole hinge is loose, and finally the door, hanging by its whole weight on the lower hinge, and assisted by the unskilful hands of green Erin, tears off altogether, with such a wreck and crush as make it necessary to send the wardrobe to the cabinet-maker, or bring the cabinet-maker to the wardrobe. What journeys and consultations of the hapless unhandy man! how he forgets it one day, and calls the next, and finds the cabinet-maker out! and how miserable he is when his wife tells him about the dust that gets in on her new bonnet! and at last, when all the planetary powers seem to agree, and the cabinet-maker is at home, and has time to come out, then he declares that it is a piece of work that must be done at the shop, and forthwith ensues such a confusion that one distractedly doubts whether a wardrobe is a convenience that pays for all this trouble. The number of things that are to be routed out of a wardrobe, the inexpressible confusion while the wardrobe is gone, the delays of the cabinet-maker, who, having got it to his shop, waits until he has a leisure hour before he attends to it—all these form a domestic picture which may be conceived, but over which we draw a veil.

“In like manner, there is a leak somewhere in the roof of the house, and every time that it rains, through this leak, in some mysterious manner, the water drops down through the ceilings of the rooms. The unhandy man is exhorted by his wife that this ought to be attended to. He promises to attend to it and forgets it—he never thinks of it until it begins to rain, and the water begins to drop, and pails and tubs are in requisition to catch the superfluous moisture. Then, agonized and penitent, he flies to the house-carpenter, who promises to come, and forgets it likewise; and so on through successive showers and floodings, till finally there comes an avalanche of plastering, which ruins the carpet and furniture underneath, and makes the question of mending the roof no longer doubtful. Repairs of some two hundred dollars have now to be done, on account of a leak which the handy man would have stopped in two hours.

“The handy man not only can do all those things which properly belong to men's department, but, in case of sickness or other causes that disable the female part of his household, he can distinguish himself in their peculiar department. He can cook

nicely—he can make bread, and bake it so as thereafter to be able to instruct the cook in many points which have escaped Hibernian observation. He can set a table and cut bread with a deft nicety that has been supposed, peculiar to female hands alone.

"Nor is it to be supposed from all this that the handy man is unmanly. Some of the most distinctively manly men we ever recollect to have seen had this peculiar accomplishment of universal handiness. And the woman to whom Providence has awarded such a jewel ought to give thanks for it specially upon her knees, for she has no idea how much of the wear and tear of life he saves her.

* * * * *

"But in the same manner that it is desirable that a man should understand and be able to occasionally do the work of a woman, and as he can do it without becoming unmanly, so women can learn to understand and to do many things which pertain to the work of men, without becoming unwomanly.

"A woman who lives in the country, for example, may sometimes be able to save a life by knowing how to harness or drive a horse. It is, of course, not a proper feminine employment, but it is a thing quite easily learned, and the knowledge of which may come in play in exigencies.

"We think it would be an advantage for women to learn to use the more ordinary tools of a carpenter—the plane, the gimlet, the screw, and the screw-driver—in which case they might stop many of the little domestic leaks we have indicated.

"It should be an object, in educating children of both sexes, to encourage a versatile handiness. If there is a child who is peculiarly unhandy, the parents should stimulate that child to endeavor to rectify this defect, to become skilful and dexterous. Children should be encouraged and guided in any inclination they may have to construct and to make and to mend. Mothers should train boys, while they are little, to do the work of women, by way of giving versatility and dexterity to the use of their hands.

"And we think girls might with advantage learn to do some of the work of boys, with the view to strengthening their hands. Each sex would be the better for acquiring a little something from the other."

A WOMAN'S IDEA OF WHAT A KITCHEN SHOULD BE.

TO begin with, I would have a kitchen well lighted—some, yes, a great deal of the broad, expansive sunshine coming right in boldly, as if it had a perfect right to be there. That would, of course, necessitate large windows. And then I would give as much attention to the ventilation of a kitchen as I would to that of a sleeping-room. I would have a large regular device suspended over the cooking-stove, with a hole in the centre, and a

tube leading to the top of the house, to carry off the savory smells which the process of cooking generates, and prevent them from permeating the whole house.

For these smells, however savory and agreeable, are apt to take away something from the keenness of our appetite; or, at least, cause us to anticipate something better than the reality. Then I would have a large sink, with a permanent soapstone or marble washbowl for washing the dishes, and another for draining. I would also have an adjustable pipe, leading from the hot-water tank to either of these basins. Besides this, I would have sundry cupboards and closets arranged upon the wall, so as to be tasteful and decorative as well as convenient.

Then I would have a space devoted to tiny drawers, such as one sees in a drug store, and labelled in this manner: soda, allspice, nutmegs, cream of tartar, etc.; so that at a glance I could discover just what I wanted, without rummaging to find these things in some out-of-the-way corner, placed there by some careless, untidy Bridget. This would save one a world of care now devoted to instructing every new servant as to all the places of things. Cooking is becoming so complicated now-a-days, that one needs all the arrangements, and as many utensils, as a chemical laboratory; and the good architect should give the good *mater familias* "a place for everything."

NOTHING LEAVES US AS IT FOUND US.

IF a sheet of paper on which a key has been laid be exposed for some minutes to the sunshine, and then instantaneously viewed in the dark, the key being removed, a fading spectre of the key will be visible. Let this paper be put aside for many months, where nothing can disturb it, and then in darkness be laid on a plate of hot metal, the spectre of the key will again appear. This is equally true of our minds. Every man we meet, every book we read, every picture or landscape we see, every word or tone we hear, leaves its image on the brain. These traces, which under ordinary circumstances are invisible, never fade, but in the intense light of cerebral excitement start into prominence, just as the spectre image of the key started into sight on the application of heat. It is thus with all the influences to which we are subjected.

"It was ever my invariable custom in my youth," says a celebrated Persian writer, "to rise from my sleep to watch, pray and read the Koran. One night, as I was thus engaged, my father, a man of practised virtue, awoke. 'Behold,' said I to him, 'thy other children are lost in irreligious slumber, while I alone am awake to praise God.' 'Son of my soul,' said he, 'it is better to sleep than to wake to remark the faults of thy brethren.'"

HINTS TO HOUSEKEEPERS.

FIFTY MISCELLANEOUS RECEIPTS.

1. **TO TRY OUT LARD.**—For fifty pounds of lard, make two quarts of white lye, and pour into the kettle in which you are to try the lard; then cut up the leaf lard, and put it into the lye, and let it cook all day over a slow fire. The lye completely dissolves the lard, so there are no scraps to strain and squeeze—only a brown sediment at the bottom, and a similar scum on the top. Remove these, and the lard is left white as snow, and keeps for any length of time without becoming rancid.

2. **TO CLARIFY TALLOW AND HARDEN IT.**—Take two pounds of alum to every twenty pounds of tallow. Dissolve it in water, and put in a pint of lye, and put in the tallow before the water gets hot. Boil a whole day, and next day melt and strain the tallow.

3. **MILK IN WARM WEATHER.**—In warm weather, when milk sours soon, put in two tablespoonfuls of salt to every four gallons before straining. It will improve the quality and increase the quantity of butter.

4. **TO POT BUTTER FOR WINTER.**—Mix a large spoonful of powdered white sugar, one of saltpetre and one of salt; work this quantity into every six pounds of fresh-made butter. Put it in a stone pot that is thoroughly cleansed, having a thick layer of salt on top. Butter put down for winter should remain covered with the salt till cold weather.

5. **TO PRESERVE CORN FOR WINTER USE.**—Pluck the corn when fit for eating, strip down the husk so as to remove the silk, and then replace it; pack it away in a barrel, and pour on a strong pickle, such as used for meat, with a weight to keep it down. When taken from the salt, parboil, and then boil to make it fresh.

6. **APPLE VINEGAR.**—Take a gallon of boiling water, and pour it over a gallon of fruit cut up excessively thin; let it remain four days, stirring it frequently; then add one pound of coarse brown sugar, and put it into a barrel with some good yeast upon a piece of toasted bread. When worked sufficiently, place it in a warm situation, or in the sun, where it must stay until it is quite sour.

7. **TO MAKE VINEGAR.**—Boil slowly, for one hour, three pounds of very coarse brown sugar in three gallons of water; work it with a little yeast, the same as you would beer; then put it into a cask, and expose it to the sun, with a piece of brown paper pasted over the bung-hole, and it will soon become good vinegar, fit for pickling or any other purpose.

8. **TO PREVENT A CRUST FORMING ON TEAKETTLES.**—Keep an oyster shell in your teakettle. The

crust that forms on copper kettles, where the tinning has melted off, is injurious to health.

9. **TO KEEP LEMON-JUICE AND LEMON-PEEL.**—Mix a pound of powdered loaf sugar with a pint of juice; boil and skim it, and bottle, sealing well. Pare off the yellow part of the rinds of lemons, cut in small pieces, and drop in brandy. These are nice for flavoring sauces, etc. Or, rub off the yellow rind on lumps of sugar, and put in a glass jar, and cork well, for flavoring cakes.

10. **TO MAKE OLD GILT FRAMES LOOK LIKE BRONZE.**—Put on lightly one or two coats of asphaltum with a soft brush, and then, if not bright, it can be varnished with cabinetmaker's varnish.

11. **TO PREVENT FLIES FROM INJURING PICTURE-FRAMES, GLASSES, ETC.**—Boil three or four onions in a pint of water; then, with a gilding-brush, do over your glasses and frames, and the flies will not alight on the article so washed. This may be used without apprehension, as it will not do the least injury to the frames.

12. **TO REMOVE WHITE SPOTS FROM FURNITURE.**—Rub the spots with pulverized pumice-stone wet with water, and then with buckskin moistened with sweet-oil; or, put a piece of paper on the spot, and hold a warm iron over it, and rub with an oiled cloth.

13. **TO CLEAN MARBLE.**—Take two parts of soda, one part of pumice-stone, and one part of finely powdered chalk, and sift through a fine sieve, and mix with water. Rub over the marble, and wash off with soap and water.

14. **TO CLEAN PAINT.**—Squeeze flannel nearly dry out of warm water, and dip in whiting, and apply with a gentle rubbing; it will remove grease and other stains. Wash in warm water, and rub dry with a soft cloth.

15. **TO TAKE INK OUT OF LINEN.**—Dip the spotted part in pure melted tallow; then wash out the tallow, and the ink will come out with it.

16. **TO REMOVE FRUIT-STAINS FROM COTTON OR LINEN.**—Pour boiling water over the stain, and let it soak a few moments.

17. **TO SOFTEN OLD, HARD PUTTY.**—Panes of glass may be easily removed by the application of soft soap for a few hours, however hard the putty has become.

18. **TO REMOVE PAINT AND PUTTY FROM WINDOW GLASS.**—Put sufficient salaratus into hot water to make a strong solution, then saturate the paint which is on the glass. Let it remain till nearly dry, then rub it off with a woollen cloth. This

process will remove putty from glass if not dried on; if dry, rub with whiting.

19. **INK FROM FURNITURE, CARPETS AND FLOORS.**—Wipe the spot with oxalic acid; let it remain a few minutes, then rub it with a cloth wet with warm water. Colored paint, mahogany and carpets, will require washing with the hartshorne-water to restore the original color.

20. **TO EXTRACT PAINT FROM GARMENTS.**—Saturate the spot with spirits of turpentine; let it remain a number of hours, then rub it between the hands; it will crumble away without injury either to the texture or color of any kind of woollen, cotton or silk goods.

21. **HEAT-MARKS FROM MAHOGANY.**—Pour lamp-oil on the spots, and rub them hard with a soft cloth; then pour on alcohol and rub them with another soft cloth till dry.

22. **INK-STAINS OR IRON MOULD FROM WHITE COTTON AND LINEN.**—Soak in oxalic acid diluted with water, and the stains will disappear.

23. **TO TAKE MILDEW OUT OF LINEN.**—Mix some soft soap with powdered starch, half as much salt, and the juice of a lemon; lay it on the mildewed part on both sides with a brush; then let it lie on the grass day and night till the stain comes out.

24. **TO DISPERSE RATS.**—Corks out as thin as sixpences, roasted or stewed in grease, and placed in their tracks; or dried sponge in small pieces, fried, or dipped in honey, with a little oil of rhodium; or bird-lime, laid in their haunts, will stick to their fur and cause their departure.

25. **TO CLEAN GOLD.**—Wash in warm water, with ten or fifteen drops of sal-volatile.

26. **TO CLEAN FLOOR CLOTHS.**—After sweeping and cleaning the floor-cloth with a broom and damp flannel, wet it over with milk, and rub with a dry cloth till beautifully bright.

27. **TO REMOVE IRON SPOTS FROM MARBLE.**—Mix equal quantities of spirit of vitriol and lemon-juice; shake well, wet the spots with the mixture, and in a few minutes rub with a soft linen until they are completely effaced.

28. **TO TAKE STAINS OUT OF SILKS.**—Mix together, in a phial, two ounces of essence of lemon, and one ounce of oil of turpentine. Grease and other spots in silk are to be rubbed gently with a linen rag dipped in the mixture.

29. **RATS AND MICE.**—The asphodel is useful in driving away rats and mice, which have such an antipathy to this plant, that if their holes be stopped up with it, they will rather die than pass where it has been placed.

30. **MORTAR IMPERVIOUS TO WET.**—Provide a square trough eight feet by four, and one foot and four inches deep. Put a quantity of fresh lime in the trough, adding water quickly. When the lime is well boiled, having assisted the operation by frequent stirring, add tar in the proportion of one part to two parts of lime. The heat of the boiling

lime melts the tar. Stir it well, taking care that every part is instantly mixed with the tar. Then add sharp sand or crushed clinker in quantity equal to both lime and tar. Stir all well, and in twenty-four hours it will be fit for use.

31. **TO MEND IRON POTS.**—To repair cracks, &c., in iron pots or pans, mix some finely sifted lime with well-beaten whites of eggs till reduced to a paste; then add some iron file dust; apply the composition to the injured part, and it will soon become hard and fit for use.

32. **TO MEND CRACKED STOVES.**—Cracks in stoves and stove-pipes are readily closed by a paste made of ashes and salt, with water. Iron turnings or filings, sal ammoniac and water make a harder and more durable cement.

33. **CEMENT FOR THE MOUTHS OF BOTTLES.**—Melt together a quarter of a pound of sealing-wax, the same quantity of rosin, and two ounces of beeswax. When it froths, stir it with a tallow candle. As soon as it melts, dip in the mouth of the bottle, which should be previously corked.

34. **ANOTHER CEMENT FOR BOTTLES.**—Equal parts of rosin and brick-dust pounded fine, and some beeswax, melted together; or melted pitch and rosin, and dip in cold water after sealing; or equal parts of rosin and Spanish brown, and half the quantity of beeswax. Melt all together.

35. **TO RESTORE OLD BLACK SILK.**—Boil an old black kid glove in a pint of water until all the black is extracted. Then sponge the silk with the glove dipped in the water. The black from the glove will restore the lustre of the silk. Or cold coffee may be used instead. Silk never should be dipped in water, but spread out smoothly and sponged carefully.

36. **TO WASH LILAC-COLORED DRESS GOODS.**—When the dress is dirty, dissolve ten cents' worth of sugar of lead in a bucket of water, and dip in the dress, wetting it thoroughly; then dry it, when it is ready to wash, and can be washed without fear ever after.

37. **TO CLEAN BRASS.**—Rub it over with a bit of flannel dipped in sweet oil; then rub it hard with finely powdered rottenstone, then with a soft linen cloth, and polish with a bit of wash-leather.

38. **TO CLEAN GLASS.**—Glasses should be washed and rinsed in cold water, and the water wiped off with one cloth; then rub dry and clean with another.

39. **TO CLEAN CUT GLASS.**—Cut glass should be rubbed with a damp sponge dipped in whiting; then brush this off with a clean brush, and wash the vessel in cold water.

40. **MIXTURE TO DESTROY COCKROACHES.**—Reduce a loaf of stale bread to crumbs; to a pint of water, add two spoonfuls of Cayenne pepper, one spoonful of pulverized orris seed, half a drachm of saltpetre, the same quantity of white lead, and a glassful of the extract of hops. Throw in your

crumbed bread, and allow it to stand in a moderately hot place for six hours; strain it through a cloth, and add to the liquor thirty-five drops of the tincture of quassia; let it stand till the next day; bottle and cork it close. A fine lump of sugar saturated with this liquid, placed where the cockroaches are in the habit of gathering, will remove them in a few days.

41. TO CLEAN IRONS FROM RUST.—Pound some glass to a fine powder, and having nailed some linen or woolen cloth upon a board, lay upon it a strong coat of gum water, and sift thereon some of your powdered glass, and let it dry. Repeat this operation three times, and when the last covering of powdered glass is dry, you may easily rub off the rust from iron utensils with the cloth thus prepared.

42. TO GIVE SILVER PLATE A LUSTRE.—Dissolve alum in a strong lye; skim it carefully; then mix it with soap, and wash your silver utensils with it, using a linen rag.

43. PROTECTION AGAINST MOTHS.—A small piece of paper or linen, moistened with turpentine, and put into the wardrobe or drawers, for a single day, two or three times a year, is a sufficient preservative against moths.

44. OIL OF LAVENDER, AS A PRESERVATIVE.—Oil of lavender keeps books from moulding; a few drops only need be used. A single drop of this oil will prevent one pint of ink from moulding. Paste may also be kept from mould by this addition.

Leather is also protected from injury by the same agency.

45. TO SCRUB MARBLE STEPS.—Use water with a small portion of washing soda dissolved in it, and some sand. On no account use soap, as it will discolor the marble.

46. TO REMOVE WHITEWASH STAINS FROM CARPETS, CLOTHS, ETC.—Apply white wine vinegar.

47.—TO PRESERVE EARTHENWARE.—Put earthenware in cold water, and let it heat gradually until it boils; then cool it again. Brown earthenware, particularly, may be cooled in this way. A handful of rye or wheat bran thrown in while it is boiling, will preserve the glazing, so that it will not be destroyed by acid or salt.

48. HYDROPHOBIA.—Take two tablespoonsful of fresh chloride of lime, powdered, and half a pint of water. Mix them together, and constantly bathe the wound, renewing the wash as is necessary.

49. ANOTHER CURE FOR HYDROPHOBIA.—Wash the wound immediately with warm vinegar and tepid water, dry it, and then apply a few drops of muriatic acid, which will destroy the poison of the saliva, or neutralize it, and the cure is effected.

50. TO REMOVE FRUIT STAINS FROM THE HANDS.—Hold the hand over the smoke of burning sulphur, until the stains disappear. Common matches will serve.

51. TWO EXCELLENT RULES.—Never spend your money before you get it. Never buy anything you do not want because it is cheap.

TOILET AND WORK-TABLE.

FASHIONS.

The last muslins and grenadines of summer have been reluctantly laid aside, and in their places we find the more substantial materials for fall wear. Delaine, alpaca, mohair, poplin and all the lighter wool goods, or combinations of wool and silk or cotton, together with the rich silks which were too heavy for summer use, now make their appearance.

If there is one season of the year in which warm, bright colors may be worn with peculiar appropriateness, it is in autumn. Spring seems to demand the same delicate tints which then prevail in nature. Summer abolishes all warmth and brightness in color, and white or light fabrics are alone admissible. But in autumn, the brilliant hues which nature herself adopts do not look out of place. So the superb emeralds, and bronzes, and blues, and brilliant browns verging upon orange, of which we had occasional glimpses during the spring months, will be more frequently worn; and our fashionable promenades will become animated parterres, brilliant with gorgeous coloring.

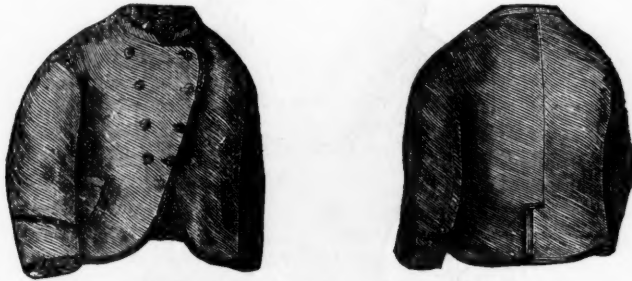
However, sober grays and russets will find their

places also, at this season of the year when there are likely to be so many cold and stormy days, when one must dress for comfort rather than for show. For such days there is no more convenient and serviceable dress than one of water-proof, made with a tight-fitting sack or overdress. It is suitable for all weathers; and, with the addition of a cape, or whatever fashion shall dictate for the coming months, may be worn the entire winter.

Costumes are still made *en suite*. The style is so strictly in accordance with good taste, that it promises to be the reigning one for a long time to come.

Bonnets seem to have retreated entirely from the back of the head, and are now little more than an ornamented shade over the forehead. Black lace still holds its own, the delicate flowers worn in summer being exchanged for brilliant sprays of autumnal foliage. Or the bonnet may be of silk, matching the dress in color, and trimmed with lace and flowers, leaves, fruit or birds. The *bridle*, which retained its place, after a fashion, during the past season, is now made to serve some purpose by being fastened under the chin, while it still preserves its highly ornamental character.

BOY'S JACKET. (*Front and back view.*)



Jacket for a boy of five years, made of buff linen, bound with black, and black buttons.

LITTLE GIRL'S FROCK.



Frock for a girl from four to six. This frock is made of white pique; the overskirt, waistband and epaulets of buff pique. The underskirt is braided with fine black mohair braid, and the edge of the upper skirt is button-holed, according to illustration, with fine black wool. The top of the bodice and the edge of underskirt are bordered with narrow white embroidery. The frock fastens at the back with four pearl buttons.

ACCOMMODATION OVERSKIRT.



This jaunty overskirt is quite novel in form, the apron being continued so as to form at the back a double overskirt.

NAME FOR MARKING.



ISABEAU BODICE.



This bodice, of black or colored silk, is cut low and square, and ornamented with a deep lace border, standing up like old-fashioned collarettes. Short sleeves, puffed, trimmed with two lace borders. Sash with wide lappets, and bow of a new shape.

CHILD'S HONEYCOMB DRESS. (*Front and back views.*)

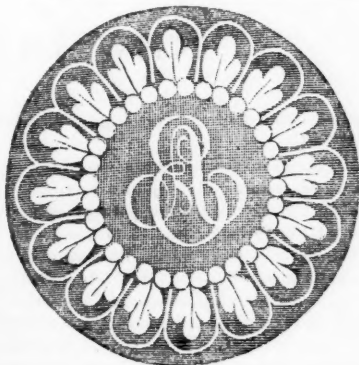
The trimming of this little dress should be carefully executed after the models, in black and white braid, so as to form, when finished, the effect of a honeycomb. The basque, which has wide revers or open fronts, is cut in points and trimmed to match; the bow and sash ends can easily be copied from the wood-cuts.

SPANISH JACKET.

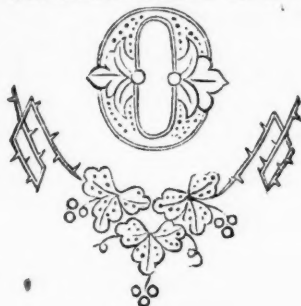


This small jacket is intended for wearing over a white bodice. It is made of blue cashmere, and lined with white sarsenet. The trimming consists of a double row of narrow white ribbon, vandyked at one edge. The two plain edges are sewn together, so that the points always face outward. There are no sleeves to the jacket.

MONOGRAM FOR HANDKERCHIEF.



FOR HANDKERCHIEF CORNER.

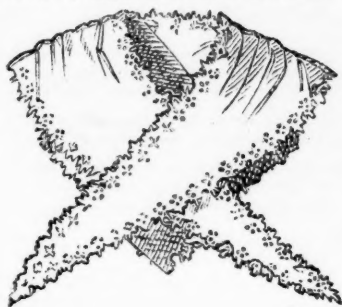


BLOUSE PINAFORE.



Blouse Pinafore for children from one to two years, made of white or gray linen, with a narrow braiding pattern around it.

FICHU OF EMBROIDERED MUSLIN.



NEW PUBLICATIONS.

ASPASIA. By C. Holland. Philadelphia: *J. B. Lippincott & Co.*

Genuine autobiographies of commonplace people, as a rule, are generally very tiresome reading. We do not see that *Aspasia*, supposing it to be a veritable history, is any exception to this general rule. If it is only a make-believe, the author certainly deserves some credit for the ability to imitate the genuine in all its prosiness and prolixity. The experiences of the worthy old lady who is supposed to tell the story of her life, were but every-day experiences, yet, though neither sensational nor specially interesting, they are not without a certain merit, from the excellent moral and religious lessons they impart.

COUNTESS GISELA. From the German of E. Marlitt, author of "Gold Elsie," etc. By Mrs. A. L. Wister. Philadelphia: *J. B. Lippincott & Co.*

Part II. of this excellent story is before us, and the interest which was awakened in the first volume goes on steadily increasing, until it culminates in the closing chapter. There is no more charming, popular and unexceptionable writer in the German than the author of this story.

LEGENDS OF FAIRY LAND. By Mrs. Anna Bache, author of "The Fire-Screen," etc. Philadelphia: *Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger.*

As a charming and chaste writer for the young, Mrs. Bache, the author of this little volume of fairy tales, is not to be excelled. The stories of this book are full of poetry and imagination, yet simple in plot and diction, while they are no less instructive and profitable. A portion of these are entirely original, while for the materials of others she is indebted to French and German literature.

THE SPIRIT OF GOD AS FIRE: The Globe Within the Sun Our Heaven. By D. Mortimore, M.D. New York: Published by *Sheldon & Co.*, for the author.

This book is interesting and remarkable rather as an example of what vagaries the human mind is capable of originating and accepting for truth, than for any real, intrinsic merit, or for any additions it is likely to make to science or religion. There are certain religious truisms, and certain dogmas, expressed at full length; but the most striking portion is that wherein the author locates Heaven and Hell—the former being placed upon a globe within the sun; the latter upon the exterior of the sun itself, where "flame-like masses—some of them computed to be one hundred and fifty thousand miles in length—are piled upon and overlap each other, and sweep onward in constant agitation, like mountain billows of living fire."

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WEDLOCK; or, The Right Relations of the Sexes. By S. R. Wells, editor of the *Phrenological Journal*. New York: *Samuel R. Wells.*

This book treats of a vast number of subjects relating to marriage and parentage, the reading of which will, no doubt, prove interesting and beneficial. But, like all such books, which attempt too varied and extended information, it either repeats well-known truisms, generalizes, or else indulges in theories which, though perhaps correct in themselves, are not likely to be of any practical use to the mass of mankind. Courtship and marriage are not matters in which calculations often enter, though, undoubtedly, if in certain cases and in certain ways they were more frequent, the world would be the gainer by it, happy marriages more common, divorces less frequent, and the coming generation of children physically, mentally and morally improved.

HOSPITAL SKETCHES AND CAMP AND FIRESIDE STORIES. By LOUISA M. ALCOTT. Boston: *Roberts Brothers.*

Hospital Sketches first appeared in book form a few years since, and met with decided success. In the present edition there is added to the original work a number of "Camp and Fireside Stories" of more than ordinary interest. Any volume from the pen of Miss Alcott, the author of *Little Women*, needs no recommendation of ours to insure its success.

For sale by *J. B. Lippincott & Co.*, Philadelphia.

SCOTTISH UNIVERSITY ADDRESSER. By John Stuart Mill, James Anthony Froude and Thomas Carlyle. New York: *J. W. Schermerhorn & Co.*

This, the fourth volume of the "Library of Education," presents three addresses by three of the leading minds of England, on the following subjects: "Literary and Scientific Education," "Headwork before Handwork," and "In the Choice of Books." The volume is a neat and compact one, and published in a cheap form.

DESCRIPTIVE CATALOGUE OF FRUITS, Cultivated and for Sale at the Mount Hope Nurseries, Rochester, N. Y. Rochester: *Eltwanger & Barry, Proprietors.*

DESCRIPTIVE CATALOGUE OF HARDY ORNAMENTAL TREES, SHRUBS, ROSES, etc. Rochester: *Eltwanger & Barry.*

WHOLESALE CATALOGUE OF THE MOUNT HOPE NURSERIES, Rochester, N. Y. For the Autumn of 1869. Rochester: *Eltwanger & Barry, Proprietors.*

DE WITT'S SIX-PENNY SERIES of the Best Music for Voice and Piano. New York: *R. M. De Witt.*

We have received from No. 9 to No. 15, inclusive, of this cheap edition of popular songs.

THE ILLUSTRATED MANUAL OF PHRENOLOGY AND PHYSIOLOGY. By S. R. Wells. New York: Samuel R. Wells. THE GALAXY. September, 1869. New York: Sheldon & Co.

The Galaxy is among the most prized of American periodicals. Its articles are always readable, and often of high literary merit. Charles Reade's new story, "Put yourself in his Place," is now being published in this magazine.

PACKARD'S MONTHLY. The Young Men's Magazine. September, 1869. New York: S. S. Packard.

This is a real live magazine. Its articles are usually on matters of current interest, and it is always fully up to the times. The publisher, while he announces a change of price from one dollar to two dollars per annum, promises enlargement and improvement for the coming year.

EDITORS' DEPARTMENT.

THE HOME MAGAZINE FOR 1870.

OUR subscription list for 1869, largely exceeding that of any other year, is a gratifying assurance that the number of those who seek a magazine of high moral tone—and such we endeavor to make the "HOME"—is steadily on the increase. There is an interest, an attraction and a power in literature far removed from what is merely sensational. The feelings may be moved, and the thought held breathless with interest, and yet no low, or prurient, or profane emotions be awakened in the soul. A book or a periodical need not be dull to be pure. Every reader of the HOME MAGAZINE knows that; and knows, too, that our claim is not an idle claim, when we say that no magazine published gives its readers a more healthful or entertaining monthly feast.

For the next year we are already in active preparation, and have our programme nearly ready. It will be announced in the November number. Among the good things in store will be a new serial from the pen of Miss Townsend, whose beautiful, high-toned, deeply interesting stories are ever read with absorbing interest.

The HOME MAGAZINE has, from the first, been on the side of temperance. It will, in the future, give even a more earnest advocacy to this good cause. Every man, woman and child has a deep interest in this matter. There is no greater social evil, no heavier curse on our people, than intemperance. Scarcely a family in the land but has felt in some degree its baleful influence. It is robbing parents of their children, wives of their husbands, sisters of their brothers. It is scattering crime, sorrow and poverty over the land. The victims of war, pestilence and famine are few in number to the victims of intemperance. There is but one remedy, and that lies in prohibition. All other means of staying its course are but nostrums. So we range ourselves on the side of a legal suppression of the traffic, and will do all we can to lead public opinion in that direction.

Woman's work and wages, and woman's true position in society, will also be considered in the HOME MAGAZINE in a series of articles now in preparation.

But we must defer a full announcement of our plans and attractions until the next number.

We shall continue to offer the usual premiums, among which will be sewing machines, valuable books, etc., etc.

We hope our many warm friends will go early to work to secure their clubs.

OUR PREMIUM ENGRAVING FOR 1870.

The title of our new Premium Steel Plate is "BEDTIME." It is a picture of rare beauty, engraved for us by Mr. Rice, from whom we had the exquisite "ANGEL OF PEACE," and at a cost exceeding that of the last-named picture. The size is the same. The price of the English plate from which ours was made is \$15, and so nearly is our copy a fac-simile of the original, that a connoisseur would hardly detect the difference.

"BEDTIME" represents a mother with her sleeping babe in her arms, carrying it lovingly up to its nightly resting place. An older child, itself almost a baby, is clambering up the stairs before her. This is the picture; and the artist has given it a tender interest that appeals to every mother's heart, and to the heart of every lover of children. In "THE ANGEL OF PEACE," the babe is borne to its heavenly rest; in this, to its nightly slumber.

Apart from the subject of this beautiful engraving, it possesses rare excellence as a work of art, and is a great favorite among picture buyers, liberal sales having been made at the high price above named. It is, in fact, one of the choicest and most popular pictures of the day.

"BEDTIME" will be sent as a premium to every one who makes up a club for the HOME MAGAZINE, for "The Children's Home" or for "Once a Month," for 1870. Every subscriber to either of these magazines for 1870 will be entitled to order a copy of this engraving for \$1; and also a copy of "THE ANGEL OF PEACE," for the same price, if desired.

When, last year, we announced "THE ANGEL OF PEACE," few, if any, imagined that so fine a picture would be sent. Subscribers to periodicals had too long and too often been disappointed in the engravings sent them, rarely getting anything

worthy to frame; and they were inclined to think our picture would be like the rest. But now they know that we have sent a work of art fully up to the promise, and will believe us when we tell them that "BEDTIME" is really superior in its artistic excellence, and in the manner in which it is engraved, to "THE ANGEL OF PEACE." We are certain it will become a still greater favorite with our subscribers.

ART AND ARTISTS.

In a recent number of the *Independent*, we find an article with the above title, giving an interesting description of Blaise Desgoffes and his works. Desgoffes is a French painter of exceeding merit, whose productions are, unfortunately, little known on this side the Atlantic. "His pictures are portraits of still life—the likeness of soulless objects; but in the selection of his subjects, and their reproduction upon his canvas, he displays a degree of taste and skill that leaves all still-life painting at an immeasurable distance behind him. He sometimes paints natural flowers; but his subjects are usually the exquisitely delicate and beautiful works of art in porcelain, crystal and bronze, which can be found only in Paris in their rarest forms, and in sufficient abundance to render their combinations constantly novel and beautiful."

It is to the closing paragraph of the article that we wish to make special reference. It reads:

"We never expect to see an artist like Desgoffes on this side of the Atlantic, unless he come to us from China or Japan, over the Pacific Railroad. Our own countrymen cannot afford to starve through the better part of their lives in preparing themselves to work out such minute problems of human industry. But why may not our countrywomen do it? While striving and waiting for other rights, they possess to the fullest extent the right to become artists of the same grade as Blaise Desgoffes; and there is not an obstacle in their way to prevent them from becoming his successful rivals. Only, as Nature is greatest in her smallest works, as Pliny says, the same may be said of Art. We may see a good many Rosa Bonheurs before we see one female Desgoffes."

Passing over the amusing naïveté of the writer, who, while he is well aware that "our countrymen cannot afford to starve the better part of their lives in preparing themselves" to become rivals of Desgoffes, still cannot see "an obstacle in the way to prevent" women from "starving the better part of their lives" to do so, we will consider the question whether there are no obstacles, other than starvation, to hinder American men and women from becoming, at the present time, successful painters in this peculiar school.

We all know what American still-life pictures are: a bunch of grapes, a couple of peaches, a glass of wine, and a handful of almonds and raisins, on a plain marble slab, the whole filled in with a plain, neutral-tinted background, without a bit of drapery, carving or sculpture, or any attempt at artistic ef-

fect other than an adjustment of light and shade. Beyond this very few still-life painters have attained, and very few can attain. If any young man or woman should be ambitious to produce more than this, where shall he or she look for a teacher? And it is a very rare genius indeed who is capable of treading the rough and difficult paths of art successfully without one.

Admitting that our genius—whom we will call a woman to gratify the writer in the *Independent*, who is averse to his countrymen "starving" in this branch of art—is capable of proceeding on her way without the assistance of an actual teacher, where is she to look for the extraneous aid which is absolutely necessary for her? Flowers and fruit are plenty here, and we believe that, for faithful copying of nature, we have painters whose works will compare favorably with those of European masters. But where shall our young artist go for those exquisite forms of beauty, "those beautiful works of art in porcelain, crystal and bronze," which Desgoffes delights to produce and reproduce in ever-varying combinations?

Search through all the places where one would naturally expect to find such objects of *verru*, and if you have an artist's eye, judge for yourself. Our silversmiths seem to have but a single pattern for each article of silverware, and so closely do they copy each other, that if you have inspected the contents of one store, you will find nothing new elsewhere. You surely would not have our artist devote herself to these, except by way of study. You may look far and long before you will find such a rare piece of workmanship as a silver tankard like those one so often meets with in Lance's pictures. Are our vases, our glassware, our bronzes, any better, so far as beauty or originality of design are concerned? In private collections there may, no doubt, be found many articles ravishingly beautiful in form and color; but they have been brought from foreign countries, and are as entirely out of the reach of the art student as though they had never crossed the Atlantic. The best she can do is to turn to terra-cotta, which requires boldness of treatment, rather than finish; or she may be fortunate in picking up some rare old china that seems worthy of her pencil; but even that is scarcer than one would think. The pretty little parian vases are more promising than anything else; but not more than one of these can be introduced into a single picture. In despair, she is very likely to employ her time painting a rough water-jug, or a tin cup, as being quite as beneficial to her art studies, and quite as satisfactory as anything she can find on the shelves of American warehouses.

She may be the happy possessor of a few engravings of Lance's exquisite masterpieces; may now and then have an opportunity of studying at her leisure a rare foreign picture of still life—possibly one of Desgoffes' own; and from the latter, if

she have a correct eye and a retentive memory, may be able to glean much of real benefit in regard to form, color, light and shade, and modes of handling the brush, or she may, with an insatiable longing for the beautiful in design, turn to the art catalogues of our world's exhibitions, and from them perfect her eye and hand in form, while in color and mode of treatment she will make little or no progress. Or, more bold, may now and then appropriate some rare gem from Lance or Desgoffes when opportunity occurs.

But this is all copying, and very unsatisfactory copying at that. And to become original, she must be thoroughly grounded in all the principles of form, color, light and shade. She must note the play of light, shadow and reflection, the delicate glints and half tints of color, the effects of backgrounds and of combinations, all with the real articles before her, and for long years must paint from them alone. Only then, if ever, can she hope to produce anything from her own imagination which shall obey all the rules of art. Indeed, it is not required of a successful artist *ever* to originate form. If he is a faithful copyist of what is placed before him, he does all that is necessary.

Before a history can be written, it must be enacted. Before anything can be reproduced, it must be created; and before we look for a male or female Desgoffes in America, there must exist and receive the encouragement and appreciation of the people an American Cellini or Palissy.

Meanwhile, our artist may strive and starve through the better portion of her life, with no hope—not even the possibility—of ultimately attaining beyond mediocrity in her profession, and with the prospect of little better than starvation at the end.

Surely the view is not an encouraging one; and with the better chances of success, it is little wonder that women should prefer to paint the belongings and surroundings of the stable, rather than those of the parlor.

THE TRUE OBJECTS OF CHARITY.

In the September number of the HOME MAGAZINE, whilst speaking of modern charities, we made some slight reference to the fact that charity indiscriminately bestowed is as often productive of evil as of good. We find in John Stuart Mill's excellent book on "The Subjection of Women," a paragraph in which the same subject is incidentally mentioned, and treated in the author's characteristic straightforward and terse style. He refers particularly to charity as administered by women, and believes, in this matter, as in many others, their education, rather than any inherent narrowness of mind, should be made responsible for their shortsightedness.

He says:—"As for charity, it is a matter in which the immediate effect on the persons directly concerned, and the ultimate consequence to the general good, are apt to be at complete war with

one another, while the education given to women—an education of the sentiments rather than of the understanding—and the habit inculcated by their whole life, of looking to immediate effects on persons, and not to remote effects on classes of persons, make them both unable to see and unwilling to admit the ultimate evil tendency of any form of charity or philanthropy which commends itself to their sympathetic feelings. The great and continually increasing mass of unenlightened and short-sighted benevolence, which, taking the care of people's lives out of their own hands, and relieving them from the disagreeable consequences of their own acts, saps the very foundations of the self-respect, self-help and self-control which are the essential conditions both of individual prosperity and of social virtue. This waste of resources and of benevolent feelings, in doing harm instead of good, is immensely swelled by women's contributions and stimulated by their influence. Not that this is a mistake likely to be made by women where they have actually the practical management of schemes of beneficence. It sometimes happens that women who administer public charities—with that insight into present fact, and especially into the minds and feelings of those with whom they are in immediate contact, in which women generally excel men—recognize, in the clearest manner, the demoralizing influence of the alms given or the help afforded, and could give lessons on the subject to many a male political economist.

"But women who only give their money, and are not brought face to face with the effects it produces, how can they be expected to foresee them? A woman born to the present lot of women, and content with it, how should she appreciate the value of self-dependence? She is not self-dependent; she is not taught self-dependence; her destiny is to receive everything from others, and why should what is good enough for her be bad for the poor? She forgets that if what they need is given to them unearned, they cannot be compelled to earn it; that everybody cannot be taken care of by everybody; but there must be some motive to induce people to take care of themselves, and that to be helped to help themselves, if they are physically capable of it, is the only charity which proves to be 'charity in the end.'"

I have used a Wheeler & Wilson Sewing Machine in my shop for eight years, on an average of eight hours a day, making garments from the heaviest beaver to the finest cambric. I have taught at least twenty different persons to run it, and you know beginners do not improve a machine. It has never been out of repair, and is good for ten years more if used properly.

MRS. A. F. STRICKLAND,
Dress and Cloak Maker, Ware, Mass.

VERBAL FASTIDIOUSNESS.

In a recent number of *Harper's Bazar*, we find some excellent remarks on the subject of our delicacy in speech. Modesty in language is always to be commended; but when there is displayed a prudery which can only have for its foundation a prurieny of imagination, then modesty no longer remains, but a gross indelicacy takes its place. The best rules which the American lady, young or old can lay down for herself are, having made sure that her thoughts are such as to need no repression, to say what she wishes to say in the plainest and most direct language; to call all things by their right names, omitting or changing no word because she has been taught to consider it "improper;" and to give no sign of perceiving anything wrong in the speech of others, so long as she knows there is nothing wrong intended. Even in the latter case, when the intent of the speaker may not be quite clear, a discreet silence is always safest; for a phrase of doubtful meaning loses all its point, and its identity as a double entendre, if the listener be not as apt in interpretation as the speaker. Every lady should, in this matter of language, after having satisfied herself that she is really above blame, adopt personally England's noble motto, "Evil be to him who evil thinks." The writer in the *Bazar* says:

"With the increasing experience and growing confidence of age, we are beginning to be able to look at a bare fact or a naked truth without blinking. It is no longer necessary, we imagine, in any part of our country, to interpose a pair of trowsers between the eyes of modesty and the legs, as we may now venture to say, of a piano. There is no necessity, in these days, to disown any of the plain, if decorous, offspring of our mother tongue, though many of us formerly had, according to the Trollopes and Marryats, taken a fastidious dislike to and abandoned them. We may now be permitted to acknowledge such publicly, and call them familiar by name.

"There is to be, we believe, a fair chance for a thing to be re-established in all its verbal rights. A spade may yet be called a spade; and woman, no longer dumbfounded with a homely fact, may find a tongue to give it utterance. She will then not hesitate to say shirt when she means shirt, in answer to that inquisitive bore, Mr. Smith, for whom Mrs. TroHope vouches. A little direct plain speaking of this kind will relieve us of a great deal of circumlocution not only wearisome, but suggestive of the indelicacy which it is designed to avoid.

"This verbal fastidiousness of former times was pushed to such an extent in our country, that it absolutely expelled from the language spoken in America certain words so decorous in themselves that it is a puzzle for the most prurient ingenuity to detect where the taint of indelicate association could be. For these words, arbitrarily struck out of the English language, new ones of our own formation were substituted, and these, though perfectly familiar to us, are so strange to English ears as to be entirely incomprehensible in England and elsewhere, except in the United States, where they speak the common tongue. These new words were evidently contrived to dodge a fancied indelicacy of the old ones. The consequence, however, is, that every time they are used in the hear-

ing of those to whom they are strange—as all English people, for example—they lead to the result they were intended to avoid. Hearing them for the first time, the English listener expresses surprise, demands explanation, has his curiosity awakened, starts upon inquiry, gets in a current of philology, and is finally borne back to the dirty source whence they originated. Thus our over-fastidiousness of modesty leads us into inevitable indecency."

CABINET ORGANS AT LOW PRICES.—Some feeling has been excited among manufacturers of reed organs, by the low prices at which the Mason & Hamlin Organ Company are now offering their well-known instruments. It is claimed that instruments of such quality cannot be afforded at such prices, and that the company are therefore, by their course, ruining the business without benefitting themselves. The ground taken by the M. & H. Co. is, that this course is only in accordance with their fixed policy to sell always the best instruments at the lowest remunerative prices.

With the rapid growth of their business, which has now assumed very large proportions, they have been enabled to avail themselves of new facilities—such as improved machinery—so that, notwithstanding they are now producing the best organs they have ever made, the cost is at the same time reduced, so that they can afford what seem to makers having less facilities to be ruinously low prices for work of such fine quality.

It is admitted that no instruments can surpass these, and the ambition of most manufacturers is satisfied when they believe they are turning out "Organs equal to the Mason & Hamlin."

THE ELDEST BORN.

We call our readers' attention to the attractive engraving with the above title which graces our magazine for the present month.

The eldest born, an impersonation of childish loveliness, robed with all the care that maternal fondness can bestow upon her, is standing by the cradle of her infant brother. Young parents will, many of them, find the picture especially charming, as they may fancy they detect in its subject some resemblance to their own first-born.

THE NEW YORK MEDICAL COLLEGE FOR WOMEN.—This College, which is in a prosperous condition, will begin its sixth annual term of twenty weeks at the new college building, in Twelfth Street, corner of Second Avenue, the first Monday in November. During the five years of its existence no less than forty-five women have graduated from it, competent and ready to assume a physician's duties wherever their services may seem needed. Those wishing to enter upon a course of medical study, or who are otherwise interested in the institution, can receive full particulars concerning it by addressing, with stamps, the Dean, Mrs. C. S. Lozier, M. D., or the Secretary, Mrs. C. F. Wells, Box 730, New York.

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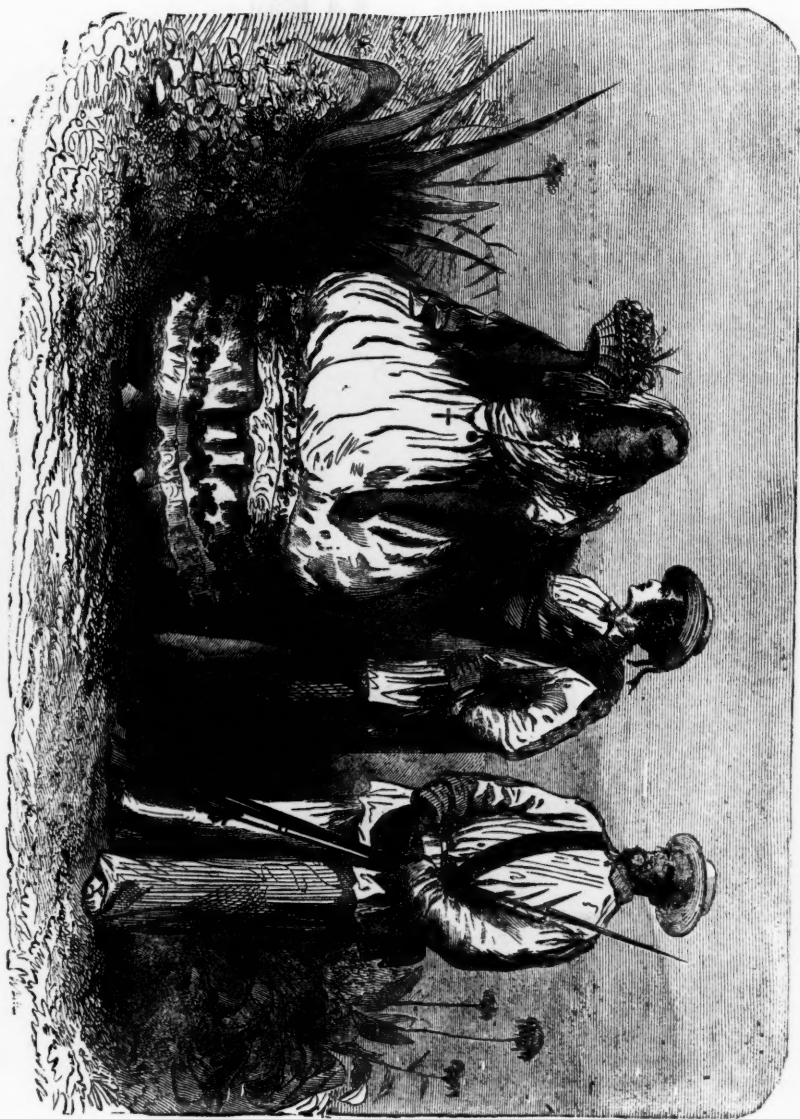
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THE SQUIRREL HUNT.

NATIVES OF YUCATAN.

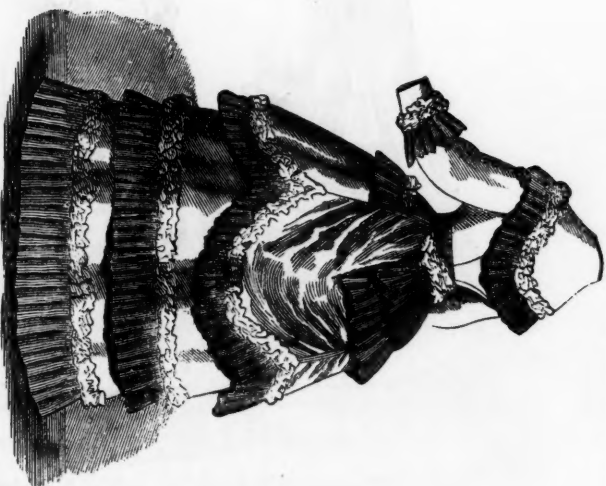




BLACK SILK SUIT.

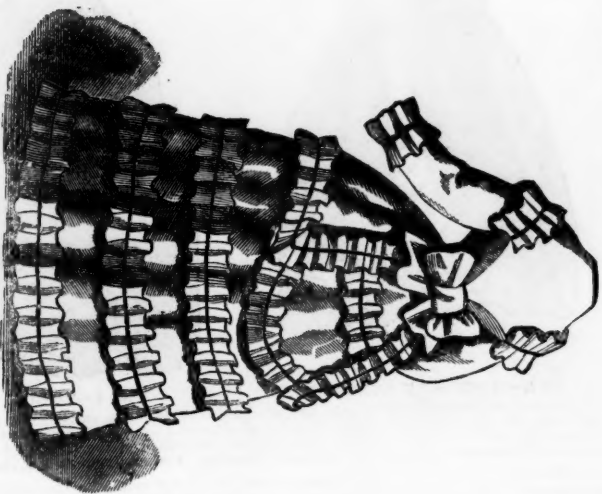
The underskirt is trimmed with bands of satin put on bias; the upperskirt is puffed in the back, and fastened with bands and bows of satin; it is trimmed with satin ruches. Jacket cut short in back, and trimmed with ruches. Black hat, trimmed with scarlet velvet.

FASHIONS BY MME. DEMOREST.



MOHAIR OR POPLIN SUIT.

The corsage is high and close fitting—a three-inch wide Russian plating of black silk, headed by a very full pinked ruching of the material, simulates a cape; the same trimming reversed on the sleeves gives the appearance of a deep cuff. The underskirt has two six-inch wide plated flounces, with ruffled heading; the overskirt, similarly trimmed, consists of an apron front and two full back gores gathered at the seams. Attached to the belt is a very short apron-like basquine, front trimmed to match, and two very deep platings of black silk, headed with ruching at the back, form the fashionable "denote-consideration."



POPLIN OR REP SUIT.

This costume consists of a deep basque with one dart in the front, fitting closely to the figure, and trimmed round with double box-plating; the skirt of the basque is left open behind, and trimmed round; an additional gore is inserted beneath the opening, trimmed like the wood cut, with two rows of box-plating. A large bow of four loops without ends is attached to the belt. The plating is laid on to form cuffs and epaulettes, and the plain walking-skirt is encircled by three rows of the same, with the box-plating may be bound with satin, and a fold of the same run through the centre.

FASHIONS BY MME. DEMOREST.



COSTUME FOR CHURCH.

Brown mohair dress, trimmed with puffs of the same, and ruffles of brown silk a shade or two darker than the mohair. The underskirt has two rows of puffs, edged with graduated ruffles of the silk. The full back breadth of the overskirt is similarly adorned with three horizontal rows of puffing and ruffling, the lowest ruffle being continued up the sides; the hexagon apron is edged with one ruffled puff; three more finish off the sleeves at the shoulder, elbow and wrist. The front of the tight waist closes with buttons and cord, and the sash ends are puffed and ruffled to match.



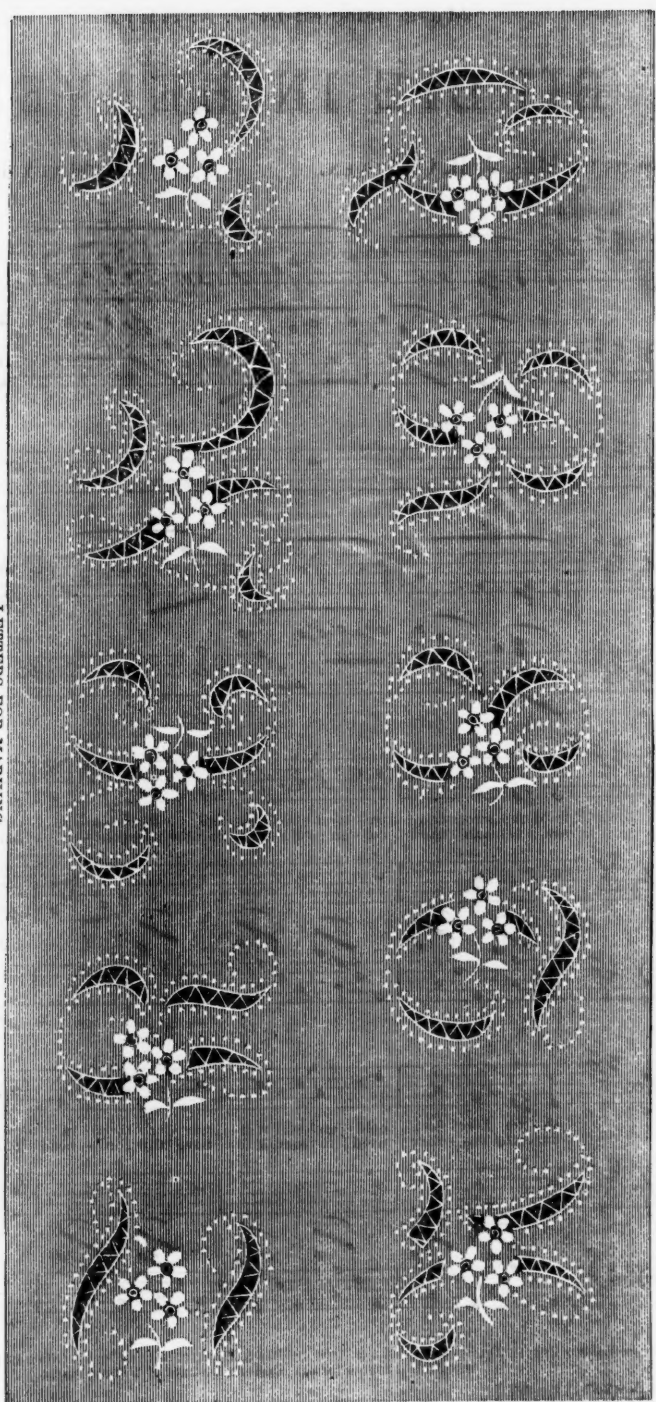
No. 1.—BLACK SILK OVERSKIRT.

No. 1.—A quiet and ladylike overskirt, simple, and, when made of black silk, suitable to wear over either colored or white dresses. The apron front is cut rounded, and edged with a box-plaited flounce of the same, or of some bright, contrasting color. The back, square and very full, is plaited at the sides, to form a corresponding curve, edged with handsome fringe, with box-plaited heading. A bow without ends at the back.



No. 2.—LA BISE.

No. 2.—La Bise (or the north wind) is the name of a very pretty and comfortable basque, for a Miss of fourteen to seventeen years of age, which is cut high in the neck, and made to close well over the chest, although the collar, which forms a simulated revers, gives it the dressy appearance of a cooler garment. The skirt of this basque is scalloped, trimmed with plaited black silk and a row of fine alpaca braid. Fan-like bows are placed at the termination of the front and back scallops. Plain ornaments the collar, revers and cuffs, the latter being finished with bows similar to those on the skirt. This wrap may be made of poplin, mohair, empress cloth, &c.



LETTERS FOR MARKING.



PATTERN FOR EMBROIDERY.

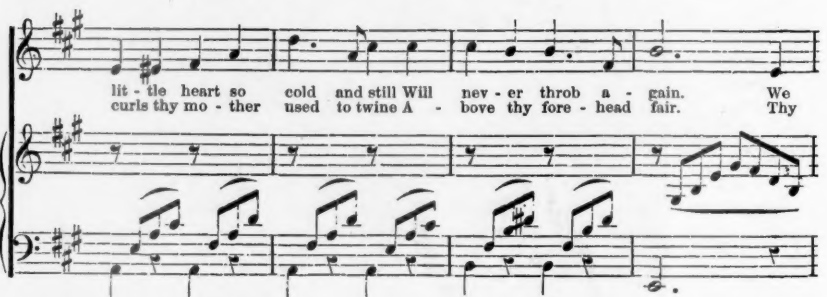
Music selected by J. A. GETZE.

BIRDIE IN HEAVEN.

WORDS BY MRS. J. B. C. ALDEN.

MUSIC BY H. P. DANKS.

Moderato.



[Entered according to Act of Congress, A. D. 1868, by LEE & WALKER, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

miss the dar - ling, oh! how much Our God alone can tell, He
sweet, mild eyes, so full of love A lit - tle while ago, Now

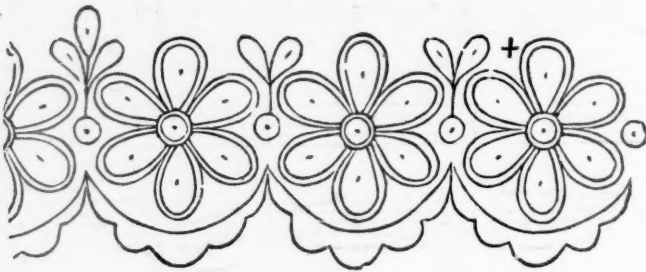
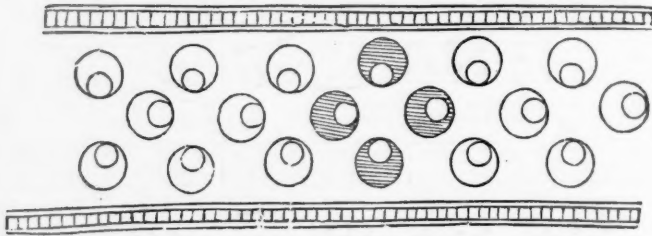
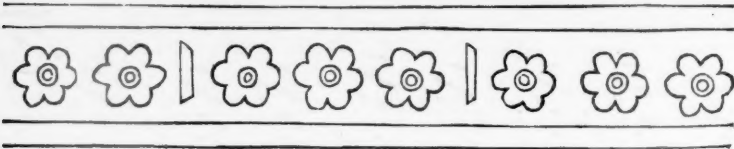
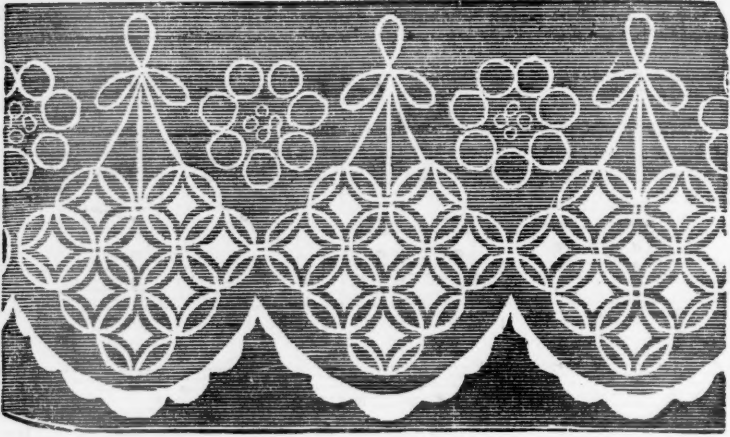
took thee from our lov - ing arms, He do - eth all things well. He
rest, a - las! be - rest of sight, Beneath their lids of snow. Now

took thee from our loving arms, He do - eth all things well.
rest, a - las! be - rest of sight, Be - neath their lids of snow.

3. The
4. No,

The golden tress, the empty chair,
And all thy childish toys,
Remind us, Birdie dear, how brief
Are all our earthly joys.
Yet when we feel thy little life
Has known and suffered pain,
We cannot wish our precious back
To this sad world again.

No, darling, no, our tearful eyes
We raise to God in prayer,
For well we know our darling bird
Is safe beneath His care.
We'll pray to meet in that sweet rest,
Beneath earth's sorrows mild,
With other lov'd ones gone before
Our blessed little child.



PATTERNS FOR EMBROIDERY